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# LONDON NEWS.

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35/- Special leather grip 2/6 extra.  
From leading sports dealers.Cannot warp or rust,  
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form of Iron Tonic.Devoid of all the usual  
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Unequalled for Anæmia  
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Women and Children.  
Of all Chemists, price 1/3  
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DIURETIC MINERAL WATER

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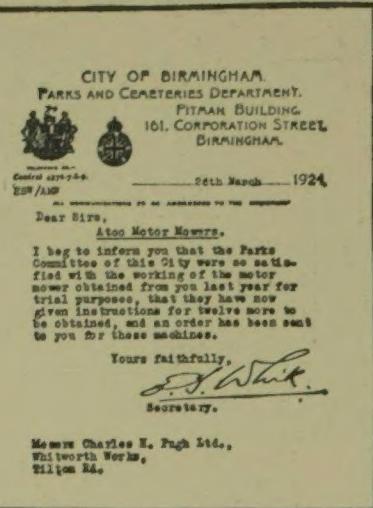
The most efficacious treatment for disorders caused by URIC ACID-GOUT GRAVEL-KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES

From all Hotels, Chemists Stores & The Vittel Mineral Water Co., 52 Charlotte Street, W.I.

Can be taken advantageously with Wines and Spirits Recommended by Physicians 25 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD YEARLY

The Apollinaris Cola Co., 4 Stratford Place, W.I.

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## Men who appreciate The ATCO MOTOR MOWER

**No. 4.****The Park Keeper.**

The upkeep of large expanses of grass such as those to be found in Parks and Public Gardens has hitherto been an expensive as well as a tedious business. To-day the ATCO Motor Mower is used for this purpose by many of the leading cities in the country, and the letter shown above, received from the Parks Committee of a leading Corporation, shows with what success. As a means of reducing mowing costs, labour and time, and improving the condition of the grass, the ATCO Motor Mower has proved itself adequate in every respect.

Let us demonstrate the ATCO Motor Mower to you on your own grass. You will not incur any obligation in arranging this free demonstration.

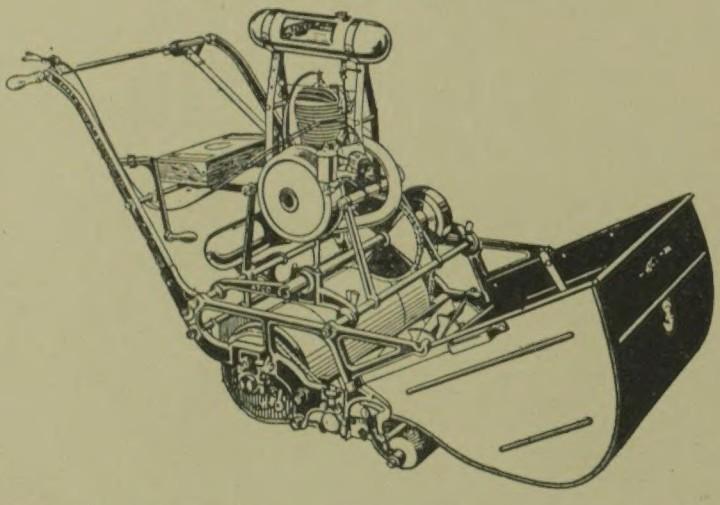
**16 inch £50. 22 inch Model £75.  
Model £95. 30 inch Model £95.**

5% for cash in 7 days.

Personally delivered, and guaranteed for 12 months.

All who take a pride in their Lawns should send for free ATCO Booklets, "Turf Needs" and "Notes of Praise."

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WHITWORTH WORKS,  
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*Quality sells*

Wm. Sanderson & Son  
Distillers, LEITH.

Established  
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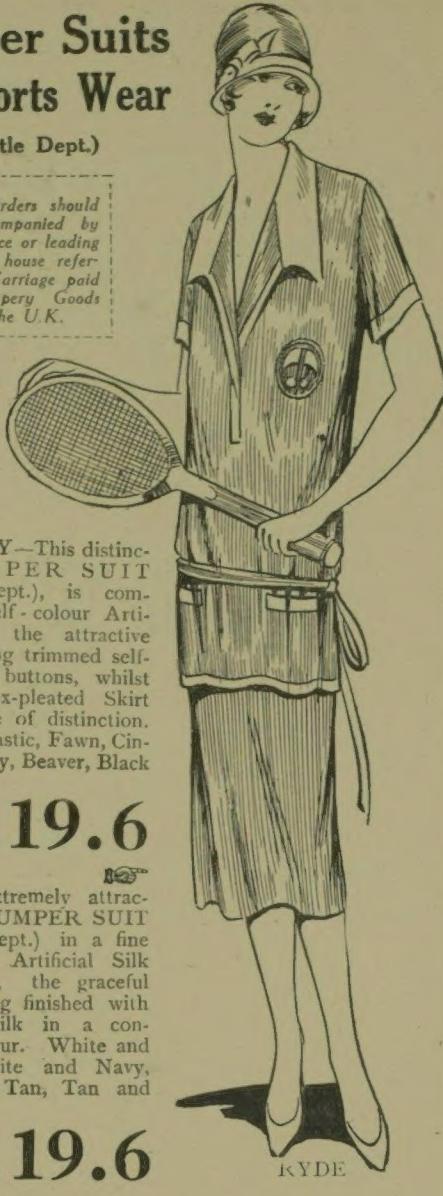
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# GORRINGES

## Jumper Suits for Sports Wear

(Mantle Dept.)



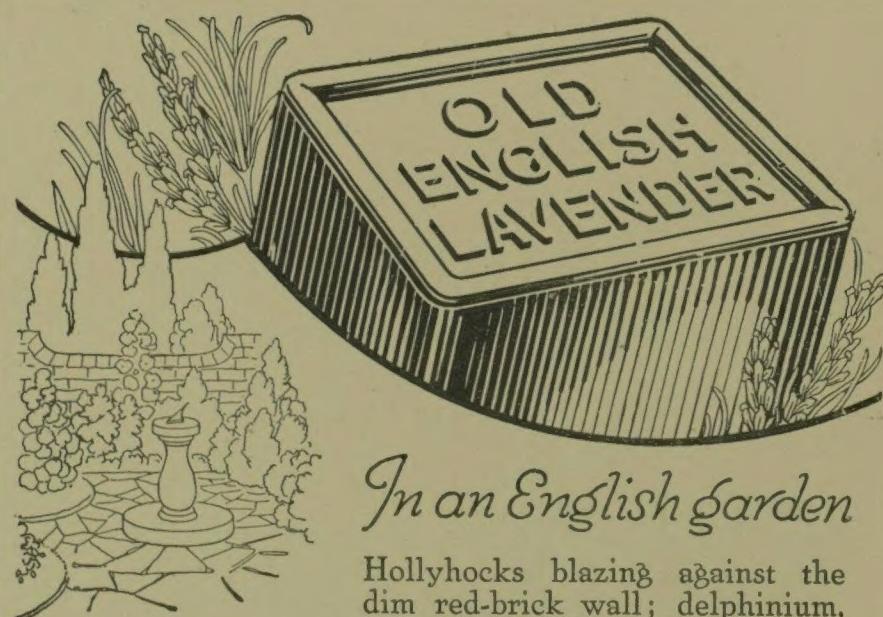
NEWQUAY—This distinctive JUMPER SUIT (Mantle Dept.), is composed of self-colour Artificial Silk, the attractive Jumper being trimmed self-colour ball buttons, whilst the fine box-pleated Skirt adds a note of distinction. Colours: Mastic, Fawn, Cinnamon, Navy, Beaver, Black or White

**£5.19.6**

RYDE—Extremely attractive sports JUMPER SUIT (Mantle Dept.) in a fine mixture of Artificial Silk and Wool, the graceful jumper being finished with Artificial Silk in a contrasting colour. White and Black, White and Navy, White and Tan, Tan and Fawn

**£5.19.6**

FREDERICK GORRINGE Ltd., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.



*In an English garden*

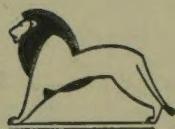
In old-time wooden boxes of six and twelve tablets

Hollyhocks blazing against the dim red-brick wall; delphinium, monkshood and lupin in a riot of blue; the fairy chimes of canterbury bells; the flaunting loveliness of roses; colour and perfume to intoxicate the senses—and, over all, now faintly vanishing, now overpoweringly sweet, elusive yet insistent, the scent of English lavender.

Price's Old English Lavender Soap is a bouquet of unfading fragrance.

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Old English  
Lavender Soap**

PRICE'S SOAP CO. LTD. LONDON AND GREENWICH



London's  
New Social  
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## WEMBLEY GARDEN CLUB

President: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK, K.G.

A vantage point of social ease from which to view the wonders of the New Wembley.

At the Wembley Garden Club you will find—*at club prices*—luxuries and conveniences which few other London Clubs can offer. Set in the City of Gaiety—twenty minutes by road from Town—it opens up new possibilities of pleasure and social comfort.

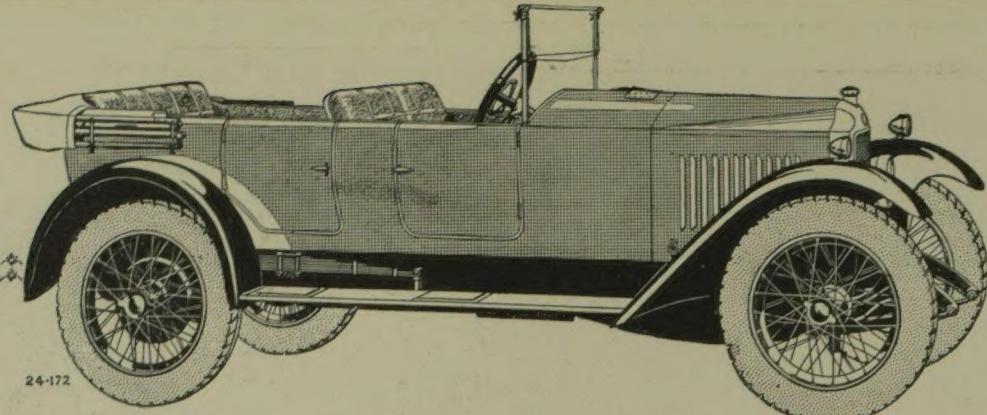
The Season's programme has been planned by connoisseurs of all that appeals to those of exacting taste in entertainment. The faultless cuisine, the appointments and decoration of the Wembley Garden Club—the pervading atmosphere of delicate refinement—create a complete harmony of comfort and enjoyment.

Membership by nomination only. Season's subscription £3 : 10 : 0, includes admission to Exhibition. Illustrated brochure, with application form from Secretary, Wembley Garden Club, Wembley.

## BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION



Twenty minutes from door to door.  
Fifteen on a traffic-free evening.



The 14-40 Vauxhall  
'Princeton' five-seater  
with four-wheel brakes  
£595  
Saving £55

HERE ARE SOME OF THE NEW PRICES

14-40 h.p. 'Princeton' five-seater, £595  
Saving £55

**T**HE improvements in the current 14-40 Vauxhall justify its claim to represent the medium-sized car at its best. The car has an easily reached maximum speed of 60 m.p.h.; it is remarkable for steadiness on the road and lightness of control; the functioning of the engine is quiet and refined; the acceleration and top-gear performance are unusually good. Wheelbase 9 ft. 9 in., track 4 ft. 7½ in., balloon-tyred wire wheels, four-wheel brakes.

14-40 h.p. 'Norfolk' saloon, £695  
Saving £55

23-60 h.p. 'Kington' five-seater, £895  
Saving £30

**T**HE large Vauxhall is famed for its power, smoothness and speed. The performance of this car, with its harmonically balanced engine, is always a cause of surprise to those who have not before experienced what an engine of this type can do. Among big touring cars of the best class the 'Kington' offers incomparable value. Wheelbase 10 ft. 10 in., track 4 ft. 8 in., four-wheel brakes.

23-60 h.p. 'Grosvenor' saloon, £1125  
Saving £62

23-60 h.p. 'Langham' enclosed landauette £1295—Saving £17  
All 23-60 h.p. closed cars have 835 x 135 wheels and tyres.  
Particulars of the full range of Vauxhall cars on application.  
Chassis prices, with four-wheel brakes: 14-40 h.p. £450;  
23-60 h.p. £725; 30-98 h.p. £950

**Vauxhall**  
THE CAR SUPEREXCELLENT

# VAUXHALL

prices are lower, not higher, as a consequence of the revival of the McKenna duties

## EXTRAORDINARY VALUE IS GIVEN

**F**ORTIFIED by the knowledge that the McKenna duties are to be restored, Vauxhall Motors Limited seize the opportunity to enlarge their scale of manufacture and thereby economise in production costs. The saving effected is made available to the public at once.

To appreciate the value given in the

new prices, due credit should be accorded to the scrupulously fine engineering quality, the brilliant performance, the economy in working and the durability of the Vauxhall make. The fullest information and a trial drive wherever we have an agent are at your disposal. Will you let us have your enquiry to-day?

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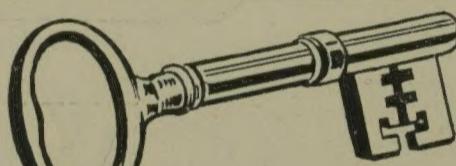
## MILLINERY

Charming Summer-weight Felt Hats, suitable for present wear. In all the Season's latest shades of Riviera Blue, Clematis, Grey, Saxe, Almond, New Green, Black and White.

29/6

Write for the New Millinery Brochure, Post Free

**SWAN & EDGAR**  
PICCADILLY CIRCUS LONDON W.1



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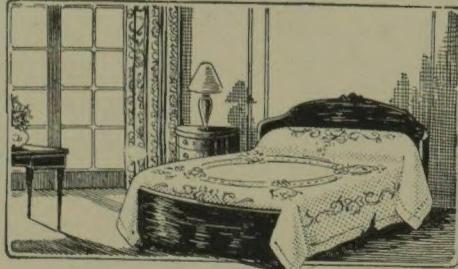
is milk" (*vide medical opinion*). Benger's Food acts as a key which unlocks the good elements in milk and allows the consumer to have them. All the great good in milk is thus made available, in sickness or in health, to persons of weakly digestion and others. Benger's Food, made with fresh new milk, is retained and assimilated with ease when all other foods are rejected.

**BENGER'S**  
Food

agrees where milk disagrees. Invalids and Aged Persons find Benger's Food enjoyable, comforting and fully nourishing. Infants thrive on it. Benger's Food is sold in Tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.

Prices—Size No. 0, 1/4; No. 1, 2/3; No. 2, 4/-; No. 3, 8/6  
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NEW YORK (U.S.A.) 90, Beekman St. SYDNEY (N.S.W.), 117, Pitt St. CAPE TOWN (S.A.), P.O. Box 573

## BEDROOM LINEN



PURE IRISH LINEN SHEETS  
I.L.N. 165. Bleached Irish linen sheets—plain hemmed. Good heavy quality which we can recommend to give every satisfaction.

Yards.	LINEN SHEETS	Per pair
2 x 3	... (Single bed)	47/6
2½ x 3	... (Double bed)	59/11

PLAIN LINEN PILLOW CASES  
20 x 30 inches, ... Each 3/6

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LINEN MANUFACTURERS

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This catalogue contains a full range of Household Linens. Ask for No. 40 D. Carriage paid on all orders of 20/- upwards in the United Kingdom.

# The Results of Right Feeding

Every "Mellin's Food Baby" is an example to mothers of the results of right feeding. Contentment, happiness, firm flesh, sturdy limbs, and all-round progress—these are the signs that tell a mother that Mellin's Food is the right food for her treasure.

Mellin's Food is always successful because it supplies the right elements needed to make diluted cow's milk a complete food for baby. It is successful even when baby's digestion is exceptionally delicate. Like mother's milk itself, Mellin's Food supplies in perfectly digestible form the bone and teeth-forming material which baby must have.

# Mellin's Food

**The Food that Feeds.**

FREE SAMPLE of Mellin's Food, together with an invaluable book for Mothers, "How to Feed the Baby," will be sent on application. Please state baby's age and write Dept. D 124, Mellin's Food Ltd., London, S.E. 15.

**MELLIN'S LACTO**—prepared from Mellin's Food and rich cow's milk—only requires the addition of water to be ready for use. A complete food, it is the ideal substitute for breast milk where fresh cow's milk is unobtainable or is poor in quality.

**MELLIN'S FOOD BISCUITS**, which contain Mellin's Food, are invaluable during the weaning period.



A  
Mellin's Food  
Baby.

#### BABY JOAN OF SHREWSBURY.

"We are proud to be able to send this photograph of our baby Joan," writes the mother and father; "she is a fine healthy girl, and we cannot praise Mellin's Food too much after what it has done for her."



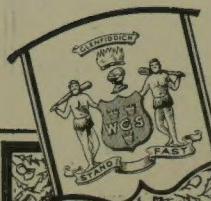
Charles I. Trooper's Helmet  
with Visor - Dated 1628  
Hourglass - Dated 1805

# GRANTS B.P.

**F** happy combination of the Bounty of Nature and the Blender's Art

W.M. GRANT & SONS, LTD.  
The Glenfiddich and Balvenie-Glenlivet Distilleries, Dufftown  
and at  
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London Agents:  
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Wine Merchants to H.M. The King  
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B.P. B.R.

## MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S SPORTS HALL

We hold the largest and most carefully selected stock of Tennis Rackets in London. These represent the first pick of all the reputable makers' best models.

**JAMES PARAGON**  
Tennis Racket, manufactured from the very finest materials, strung Tracey's gut, with double centre mains. Unparalleled for driving and volleying. Perfect balance. Price 68/6

The "EMANESS." The frame is manufactured from specially selected English rent Ash and the gut is guaranteed to be Tracey's, strung to tournament tension. It is made on the popular hexagon pattern, with bound shoulders, and strung with green and white gut, with double centre mains. Price 55s.

**Tennis Courts Completely Equipped.**

**Clubs supplied on Special Terms.**

**ARDEE POSTS**  
Ardee Tennis Post, 3 in. round poles of selected ash, tongue fitting, base. Outside ratchet winder. Price 50/- pair complete.

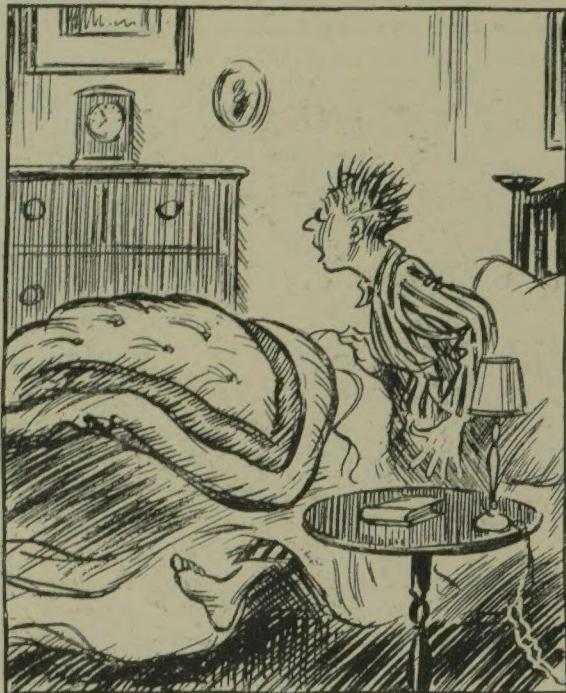
**CROQUET SET**  
Jaques "Association" Set. Containing four association mallets with 9 in. x 3 in. heads of best quality boxwood; string bound octagon handles and cane spliced shafts; set of four best quality 3½ in. boxwood balls, six 4 in. x 2½ in. association hoops, with twin drill and hammer, clip rests, midget composition clips, bunting corner flags, boundary pegs, ball marking pegs, rules. In stout wood box. Per set £7 0 0

**COLONIAL** Lawn Tennis Post, 2½ in. square, made of selected English ash, handsomely finished, and fitted with our improved brass worm winding gear, which is very powerful. No. 1. Price, with large screw and spanner. Per Set £5 0s. 0d. No. 2. Price, with 6 large T section stakes and iron-bound driving mallet. Per Set £5 5s. 0d.

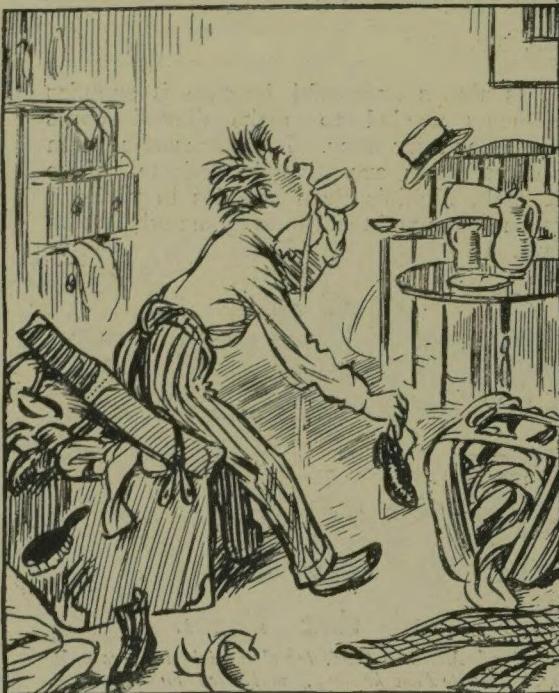
**MARSHALL & SNELGROVE**  
DEBENHAMS, LIMITED  
VERE-STREET AND OXFORD-STREET  
LONDON W.1

# NIGHTMARES

## CATCHING A TRAIN



Rupert suddenly wakes with a yell of dismay,  
For the clock, so unfeelingly ticking away,  
Gives him just twenty minutes to pack, feed and dress,  
Catch a mythical taxi, and board the Express.



Amid socks, shirts and shoes he keeps jazzing around—  
Where on earth are his pants and new vests to be found?  
Who has hidden his ties, likewise stolen his stud?  
If he only had time to have somebody's blood!



On the platform at last!—Can he catch up the train?  
He eludes several Porters who clutch him in vain—  
After felling the Guard with a biff on the chin,  
With one desperate leap he is on—he is in!



With his heart thumping madly he sinks in a seat  
And a perfect Abdulla was never so sweet.  
Though he's left behind handkerchiefs, trousers and gloves  
He has brought the Abdullas he ardently loves.

F. R. HOLMES.

# ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

Turkish

Virginia

Egyptian

"A DREAM OF DELIGHT."

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1925.

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INAUGURATING THE "UNIVERSITY OF EMPIRE" ON THE FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS PROCLAMATION: THE KING, WITH THE QUEEN AND PRINCE HENRY, DRIVING ROUND THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY ON HIS ARRIVAL.

The King opened the British Empire Exhibition of 1925 at Wembley on Saturday, May 9, a date chosen as the fifteenth anniversary of the proclamation of his accession. It was his Majesty's first appearance on an occasion of State since his illness and subsequent convalescent cruise in the Mediterranean. As the royal coach, with its escort of Life Guards, entered the Stadium and drove round the

arena, there was a roar of welcoming cheers from the multitude—numbering about a hundred thousand people—which packed the great enclosure. Their Majesties were accompanied in the carriage by Prince Henry, and were received at the dais by the Duke of York, as President of the Exhibition. He described it in his address as "a complete University of Empire."



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

AS I have argued in these columns against Mr. James Douglas of the *Sunday Express*, I think it only fair to express my most hearty admiration for a very penetrating remark he made the other day in the same Sunday paper. He said that many people of the new school or generation are acting as if the soul had nine lives. Some of them do indeed actually believe, as a religious dogma, that the soul has nine hundred and ninety-nine lives—or rather, an infinity of lives arranged like a recurring decimal. They call it Reincarnation; and it may yet figure, if it has not already figured, among the fashionable new religions that do occasionally make their appearance in the *Sunday Express*. But I do not here insist, any more than Mr. Douglas did, on the religious question in its more restricted sense. I am not quite sure why those who worship in the temple of Psyche, or the Soul, are supposed to be less mystical if they call themselves psychological than if they call themselves psychical. But, anyhow, both Mr. Douglas and I are for the moment talking about the soul in the sense that would be called psychological rather than psychical. And even in this perfectly practical sense it seems to me that what he says is profoundly true. As Mr. Douglas says, people talk and act as if they could go through anything and then begin again as if nothing had happened. It is not so much that they think they can abolish remorse as that they think they can abolish remembrance, and even that they can abolish result. The curious thing is not that they defy traditional morality by saying that sin has no punishment; it is rather that they especially defy modern science by saying that action has no consequence. That Chain of Causation which the scientific determinists hooked and hammed together so carefully at the end of the nineteenth century seems to be the very chain that is most easily broken in the twentieth century. It is that, so carefully constructed by the old materialists, that seems to be most easily disregarded by the new materialists. It is not here only a question even of defying Providence or divine authority; it is a question of indifference to cause and effect. Cause and effect seem to be more contradicted by some supporters of free love than by any supporters of free will.

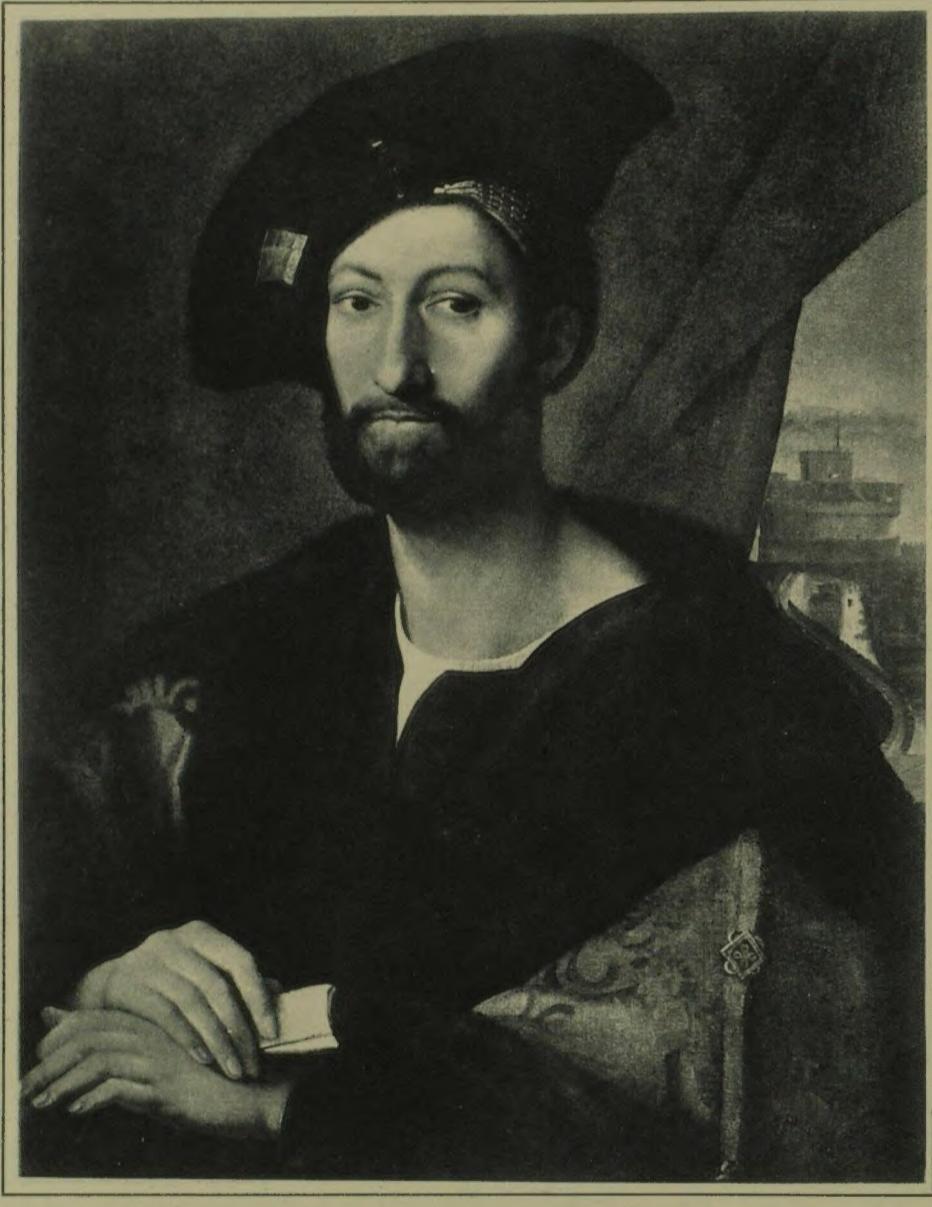
Similarly the nine lives of the new hedonist differ from the nine lives of the theosophist. The theosophist was generally rather too much of a determinist. When a stranger, in the old days, used to come up to us in the street or in a strange drawing-room, and (gazing at us with glittering glassy eyes) used to utter in a deep voice the single word "Karma"—in those dear old days, in those dear old drawing-rooms, we had gradually come to have at least a loose popular notion of what he meant. We knew that he had brought as a secret out of the very centre of Tibet the esoteric doctrine "As men sow they reap," which (by a charming coincidence) happened to be found also in our own old Family Bible. But the new hedonist does not in the least believe that what he sows he reaps. He does not sow very much; and the whole point about him is that he has forgotten where he sowed it. At the best, therefore, it might be awkward for him if a monkey-tree sprang up in the very middle of his front doorway, or a luxuriant

growth of brambles and holly pressed through the interstices of his hammock. But the peculiarity of the attitude of mind here in question is not that it defies these consequences, but that it really does not in its heart believe that there will be any consequences at all. The new hedonist does not say he is glad his front-door is blocked because he does not want the Vicar to call, and a monkey-tree is a tree that a clergyman cannot climb. He does not say that it is good for him that thorns and thistles should spring up and push him out of his hammock; that he wishes they could all jump and throw him out of his bed. The point is that he expects to gather figs from thistles; not that he does not care a fig

but it is the whole point of his peculiar attitude that he expects it to be autumn and spring and summer at the same time. He marks the extreme point of the modern tendency to have it both ways; to eat the cosmic cake and have it. He tries to make the best of both worlds, including the interminable series of worlds offered him by the tradition of transmigration.

But the case is more curious still. This sort of hedonist is in another way a sort of wild parody on the transmigrationist. The transmigrationist at least expects to be a number of different people one after the other. The new hedonist expects to be a number

different people at once. Nothing is more notable about the nine-lives theory, to which Mr. Douglas refers, than the fact that it does expect to have its nine lives in less than ninety years. It seems to imagine, in a vague way, that the nine lives can run parallel. It is like what is called in the world of more logical rascals "living a double life," or "having two establishments." But these people talk as if every man could live a tenfold life or have a hundred establishments. They talk about a right to experience, as if it meant a right to everybody else's experiences. In this respect the egotist of to-day has expanded even the absurd claims of the egotist of the 'nineties. The dandy of the decadent epoch, with his green carnation and his yellow-book, usually confined himself to saying, like Tubby in Mr. Street's delightful "Autobiography of a Boy," that he must "live his life." Even that modest claim, it may be remembered, was snubbed by the strenuous young lady who told him that he might as well say he must dine on his dinner. But the tone of the vaguer hedonist, of whom Mr. Douglas is writing, is even less logical and at the same time much more arrogant. He is not satisfied with saying that he must live his life. He seems to mean that he must live everybody else's life. He is consumed with a sort of envy of everybody else for being everybody else. He is not, like the old decadent of the days of my childhood, rendered more or less dependable by the very limitations of his pose. He is not satisfied with saying that he has a right to be what he is; he seems rather to think he has a right to be whatever he might have been. He does not say he is entitled to drink absinthe because he is an artist; he rather implies that he is entitled to eat hashish because he might have been an assassin, or possibly entitled to eat human flesh because he might have been a cannibal. He is not content with wasting his substance, or even other people's substance, in riotous living. He does not wish to be a rioter but to be a riot—that is, to be a crowd. He thinks he could fulfil everybody else's destinies. Like the decadent, he has his toadies; there are many to tell us that the hedonist must have his head, because it is such a highly intellectual head. Unfortunately, as I say, he wants to have a hundred heads, like the hydra. There are many to praise this new universality; but I am haunted with the memory of somebody else who thought that he could play all the parts at once. I cannot help recalling who it was who said "Let me play the lion too," and what sort of a head it was that they gave him in the end.



AN ART SENSATION: THE ONLY PRIVATELY OWNED RAPHAEL PORTAIT BOUGHT IN BERLIN BY SIR JOSEPH DUVEEN—THE "GIULIANO DE MEDICI" (34 BY 26 INCHES) PAINTED ABOUT 1515.

Great interest was aroused in the art world, a few days ago, by the statement that Sir Joseph Duveen had just bought Raphael's portrait of Giuliano de Medici from the Huldschinsky collection in Berlin. Nothing was said as to the price or the destination of the picture. It is unique as being the only portrait by Raphael in private hands. Giuliano de Medici, Duc de Nemours, who died on March 17, 1516, was the younger brother of Giovanni de Medici, who became Pope, as Leo X., in 1513. Raphael's portrait of the Pope, with Cardinals Ludovico de Rossi and Giuliano de Medici, is in the Pitti Palace at Florence, and is regarded as one of the world's great pictures. In 1901 the picture here reproduced, which had been sold in Florence shortly before 1839 and acquired later by the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, was brought to Paris, and was confidently identified by the late M. Emile Muntz and Dr. Bode as Raphael's work, and the original of the copy by Alessandro Bronzino in the Uffizi at Florence. In 1909 the name of the owner was given, in a monograph on Raphael, as Herr Huldschinsky, of Berlin.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Duveen Bros.]

about figs. It is not that he wants a tree to block the path; but that he cannot believe that his path can ever be blocked—even by himself. He believes that he is a new kind of disembodied spirit who can walk through himself whenever he wants to. He is not adding lives, like links, to a long chain of lives in the manner of the Pythagorean. He is rather shedding lives like leaves, in the manner of the autumn tree;

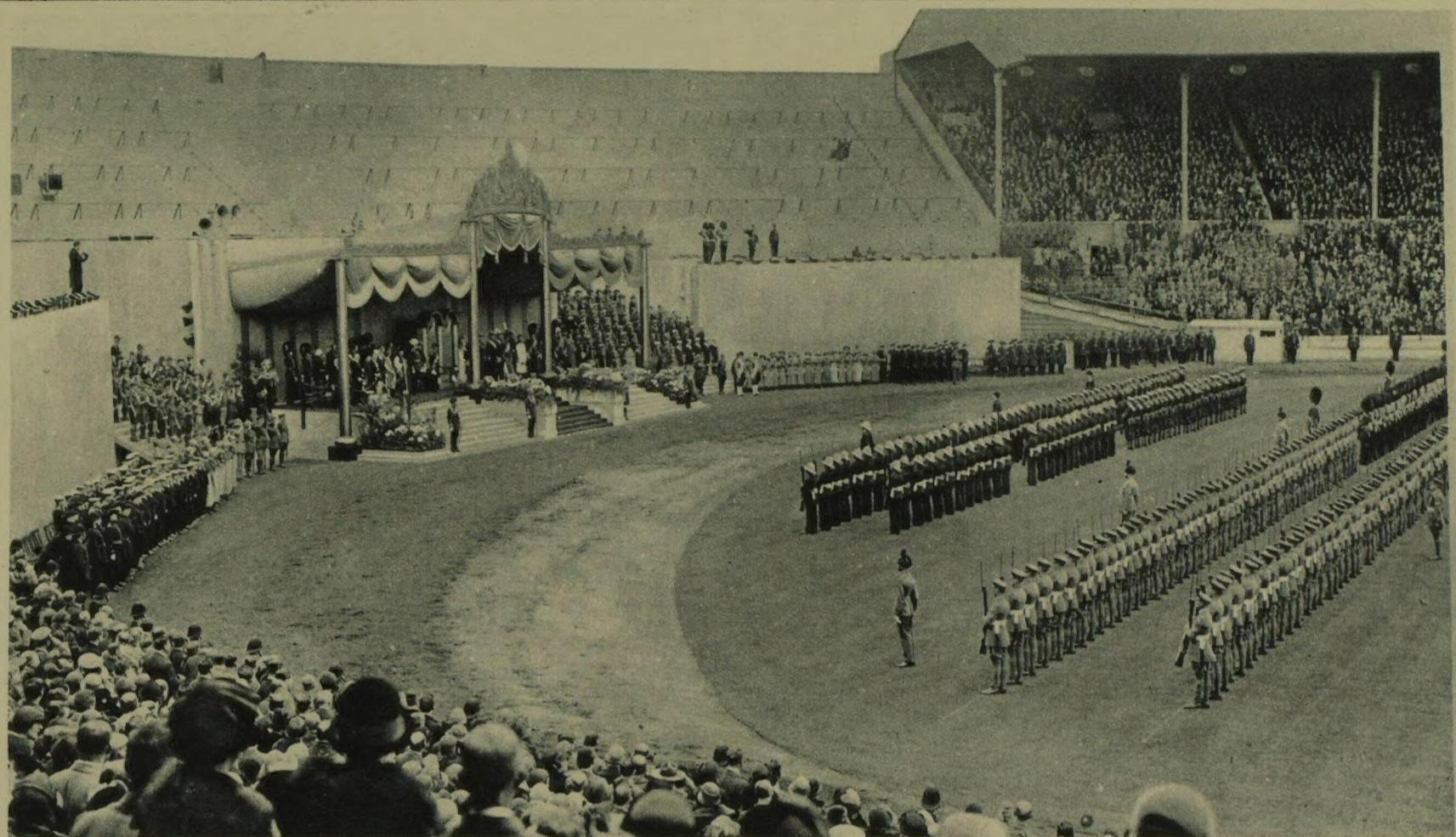
highly intellectual head. Unfortunately, as I say, he wants to have a hundred heads, like the hydra. There are many to praise this new universality; but I am haunted with the memory of somebody else who thought that he could play all the parts at once. I cannot help recalling who it was who said "Let me play the lion too," and what sort of a head it was that they gave him in the end.

## OUR ANAGLYPHS.

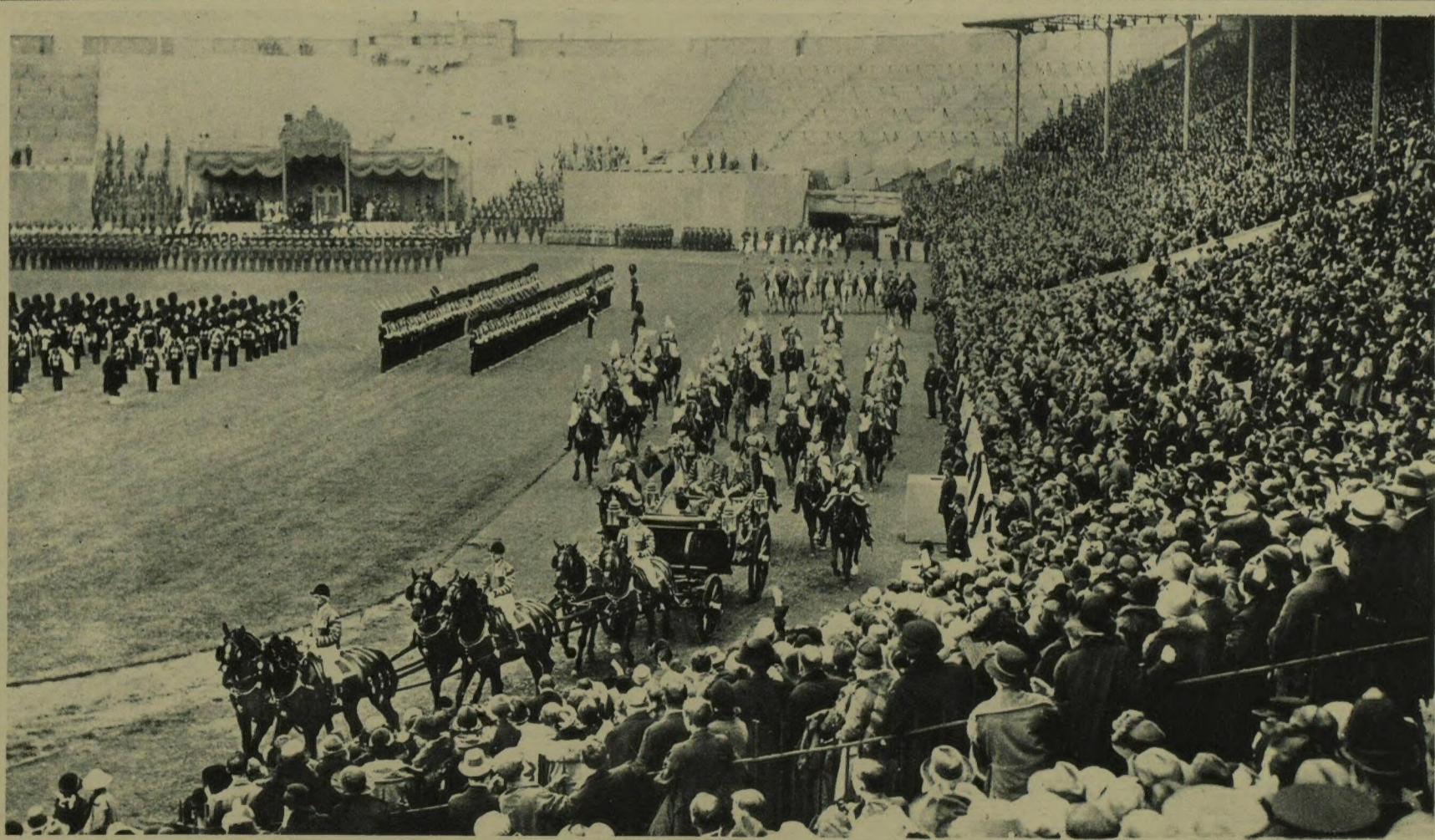
Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 988, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland) or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

## WEMBLEY REOPENED: ROYAL SPEECHES BROADCAST TO MILLIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND L.N.A.



TAKEN WHILE THE KING WAS READING HIS INAUGURAL SPEECH, BROADCAST TO MILLIONS IN THE BRITISH ISLES AND ON THE CONTINENT: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GREAT REOPENING CEREMONY IN THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY, SHOWING THE GUARDS OF HONOUR.



IN THE GILDED STATE COACH, WITH ITS POSTILONS AND SIX FINE BAYS: THE KING AND QUEEN, ACCCOMPANIED BY PRINCE HENRY, DRIVING ROUND THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY ON THEIR ARRIVAL FOR HIS MAJESTY TO REOPEN THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.

As noted on our front page, the King reopened Wembley on May 9. On arriving in the Stadium, the State coach containing their Majesties and Prince Henry, with its escort of 1st and 2nd Life Guards, drove round the arena before stopping at the royal dais, where the Duke of York, as President of the Exhibition, came down the steps to receive them. In reply to the Duke's address, the King said: "The British Empire depends for its security and prosperity on good-will among its constituent peoples, and the one sure foundation for that good-will is a full knowledge of our mutual aspirations, capacities, and needs. To seek knowledge, more knowledge, and again more knowledge, of the great heritage which has been

entrusted to us, is the soundest Imperial policy. I recognise the British Empire Exhibition as a successful instrument of that policy. . . . Those who come to be entertained will remain to be educated." Both the royal speeches, as well as the religious service conducted by the Bishop of London, and the music of the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards, were broadcast to millions of listeners in the British Isles and on the Continent, with excellent results. Guards of honour for the King were provided by the Royal Navy, the Royal Marines, the Royal Air Force, the Irish Guards, and the Middlesex Regiment. Some further photographs of the ceremony appear on page 945.

## THE MYSTERY OF "POOR DECEASED KIT MARLOWE": THE SOLUTION.

### "THE DEATH OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE." By J. LESLIE HOTSON, Ph.D.\*

FOR three centuries and a quarter, the brawling end of "poore deceased Kit Marlowe" was a major mystery. It is so no longer. Myth merged in myth. Fancy followed fancy. Now we have facts.

The story ran that the "tragicall" poet, wit, and dramatist was stabbed "into his owne head" with his own dagger, turned upon him by the hand of "one whome hee ought a grudge unto" and was assaulting.

Stern moralists saw in his violent death the vengeance of the Diety fittingly vented upon a "playmaker and a Poet of scurrilitie" who "fell (not without just desert) to that outrage and extremitie, that hee denied God and his sonne Christ, and not only in word blasphemed the trinitie, but also (as it is credibly reported) wrote books against it, affirming our Saviour to be but a deceiver, and Moses to be but a conjurer and seducer of the people, and the holy Bible to be but vaine and idle stories, and all religion but a device of pollicie." Beard's "Theatre of Gods Judgements" thus indicted him; and in like tone were Rudierde's "The Thunderbolt of Gods Wrath against Hard-Hearted and stiffe-necked sinners," and Vaughan's "Golden Grove."

His slayer was given variously as "a bawdy serving man, a rivall of his in his lewde love"; "one named Ingram, that had invited him . . . to a feast"; and "Ffrancis Archer." The last version seemed authentic, for James Broughton, having written to the parson of the church at Deptford, in 1820, received the following:

"Extract from the Register of Burials in the Parish of St. Nicholas, Deptford:

"1st June, 1593. Christopher Marlow, slaine by Ffrancis Archer."

"A True Copy—D. Jones, Minister."

It is now certain that all were wrong; but it was not until Halliwell-Phillipps scrutinised the entry for himself that "Archer" was read "ffrezer," that is Frizer—"Christopher Marlow slaine by ffrancis ffrezer; the 1. of June" is the record. Even then ffrezer itself was misinterpreted. "In the 'Frezer' camp," notes Dr. Hotson, "there is a strong tendency to glaze *Frizer* as *Fraser* or *Frazer*. This is a mistake. *Frizer*, which is pronounced to rhyme with *Cæsar*, is a name totally different from *Fraser*, and one which has no connection with a Scottish clan. *Frizer*, or *Frizer*, is an occupational name, designating one who friezes cloth or covers it with a nap." It is a case of imagination; not to be cited with the "sportive spelling" of Marlowe as Marlin, by Beard; Marlo, by Anthony à Wood; Marlow, by Vaughan, and in the baptismal book of St. George's, Canterbury; Morley, in the Pardon hereafter to be mentioned; and Marlin and Marley, at Cambridge.

The truth is that Christopher Marlowe "was killed by a companion of his, one Ingram Frizer, gentleman, servant to Mr. Thomas Walsingham, in the presence of two witnesses, Robert Poley and Nicholas Skeres"; that the date of the deed was the thirtieth of May, "in the year of the reign of Elizabeth by the grace of God of England France and Ireland Queen defender of the faith etc. thirty-fifth"; that the place was "a room in the house of a certain Eleanor Bull, widow," at Deptford Strand; and that the cause of the fatal quarrel was "that they could not be at one nor agree about the payment of the sum of pence, that is, *le recknyng*, there."

For full knowledge of which the world is in debt to Dr. J. Leslie Hotson, of Harvard University, who presents his case with most commendable certainty and clarity, and argues it conclusively with documents that are in our own Record Office, in Chancery Lane.

The revelation is a romance of research, scholarship, and intuition. Dr. Hotson, delving amongst Elizabethan documents for purpose quite different, was examining the Calendar of Close Rolls when his eye caught the name *Ingram Frizer*. "I felt at once," he says, "that I had come upon the man who killed Christopher Marlowe. Vaughan's 'one Ingram' was instantly clear as an example of the same habit of nomenclature which referred to Gabriel Spencer, Ben Jonson's adversary, as 'one Gabriel'; and I could only suppose (since the coincidence of two names so rare as Ingram and Frizer was in such a degree striking) that the 'Francis' of the burial register was a blunder. But the Close Rolls entry merely mentioned Ingram

discovered that it "exactly rehearsed the terms of the Coroner's inquest, telling in detail the story of the fatal affray." Still not satiated, he sought the writ of summons and a copy of the Coroner's inquisition; and he dug them out of the modern manuscript calendar of the Miscellany of the Chancery, listed under *Kent*. The only thing missing was Frizer's petition or bill to bring his cause into Chancery: that was a small affair. What moments the Doctor must have had!

Followed cool and careful collation, still more research, further fortune—and "The Death of Christopher Marlowe," a book that none interested in such matters can afford to ignore, and a record that none can read without respect for its author's assiduity, and without a sense of fascination at the unravelling of a mystery that has puzzled the world of letters for many a generation.

Nothing could be more illuminating than the evidence advanced. Witness the Inquisition on the manner of the death (rendered from the Latin):

" . . . And the said Ingram then & there sitting in the room aforesaid with his back towards the bed where the said Christopher Morley was then lying, sitting near the bed, that is *nere the bed*, & with the front part of his body towards the table & the aforesaid Nicholas Skeres & Robert Poley sitting on either side of the said Ingram in such a manner that the same Ingram ffrysar in no wise could take

flight: it so befell that the said Christopher Morley on a sudden & of his malice towards the said Ingram aforesought, then & there maliciously drew the dagger of the said Ingram which was at his back, and with the same dagger the said Christopher Morley then & there maliciously gave the aforesaid Ingram two wounds on his head of the length of two inches & of the depth of a quarter of an inch; whereupon the said Ingram, in fear of being slain, & sitting in the manner aforesaid between the said Nicholas Skeres and Robert Poley so that he could not in any wise get away, in his own defence & for the saving of his life, then & there struggled with the said Christopher Morley to get back from him his dagger aforesaid; in which affray

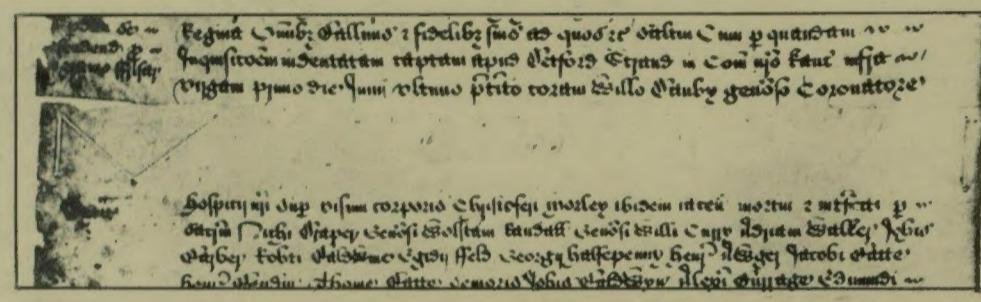
the same Ingram could not get away from the said Christopher Morley; and so it befell in that affray that the said Ingram, in defence of his life, with the dagger aforesaid of the value of 12d. gave the said Christopher then & there a mortal wound over his right eye of the depth of two inches and of the width of one inch; of which mortal wound the aforesaid Christopher Morley then and there instantly died . . ."

But one doubt is suggested. "Two courses are open to us," argues Dr. Hotson: "(a) to believe as true the story of Marlowe's attack on Frizer from behind, corroborated in so far as it is by the wounds on Frizer's head, which wounds must have been inflicted before Marlowe received his death-blow; or (b) to suppose that Frizer, Poley, and Skeres, after the slaying, and in order to save Frizer's life on a plea of self-defence, concocted a lying account of Marlowe's behaviour, to which they swore at the inquest, and with which they deceived the jury."

There the mystery rests: no longer a mystery in the major sense, but still mystifying to the extent set forth. At least the jury believed the eye-witnesses—and "We therefore moved by piety have pardoned the same Ingram ffrysar . . . In testimony etc. Witness the Queen at Kew on the 28th day of June."

Every congratulation is due to Dr. Hotson. And, as Mr. Kittredge has it in his Introduction, "It is a privilege to introduce such a book to the reader."

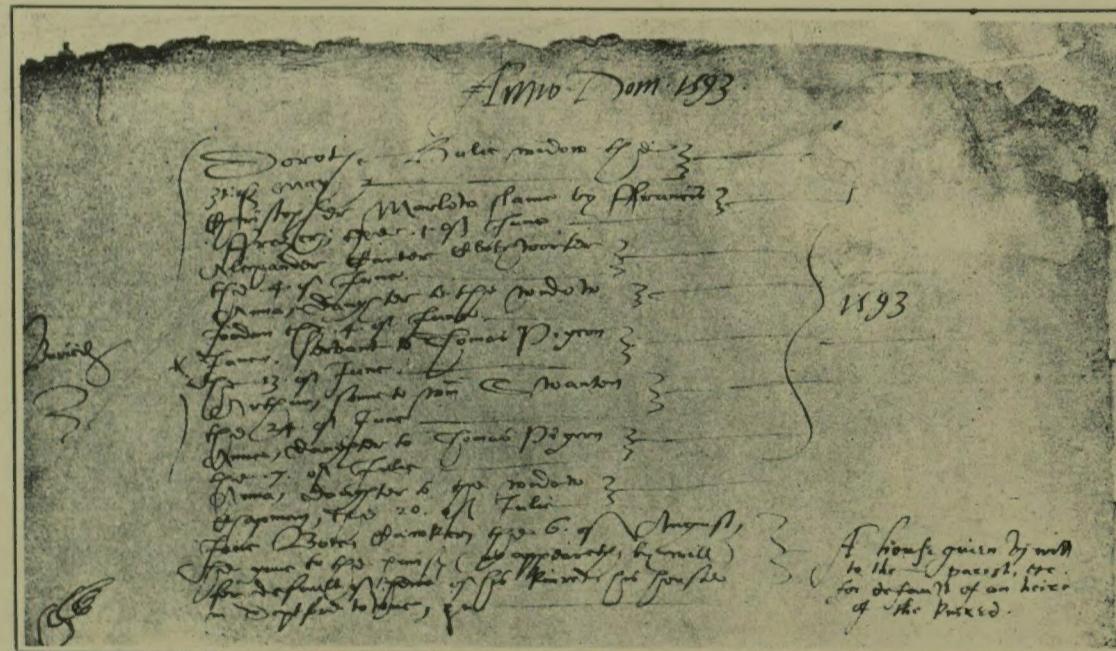
E. H. G.



GRANTED TO THE MAN WHO KILLED CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE: THE PARDON GIVEN TO INGRAM FRIZER—ITS BEGINNING.

Frizer as a party to the transfer of a small piece of property, and gave me no clue to the crime."

The scholar was not confounded. He searched in vain the printed "Inquisitions Post Mortem"; the criminal records of the Court of the Queen's Bench for 35 Elizabeth (1593); the dust-covered Rolls of the Assizes on the South-Eastern Circuit. Then inspiration came to him. "It suddenly occurred to me," he writes, "that one of the numerous classes of entry on the Patent Rolls of the Chancery was *pardons*. If, as the ancient pamphleteers had said, the killing had been done in self-defence, then perhaps—and I turned to the original manuscript index and calendar of the Patent Rolls for 35 Elizabeth. A brief search yielded the following:



SHOWING (THIRD AND FOURTH LINES BELOW THE HEADING) "CHRISTOPHER MARLOW SLAINE BY FFRANCIS FFREZER [NOT ARCHER]; THE 1. OF JUNE": AN EXTRACT FROM THE BURIAL REGISTER OF ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH, DEPTFORD.

In his "Christopher Marlowe and his Associates," Mr. John H. Ingram made the extract read: "Christopher Marlowe, slaine by ffrancis Archer, sepultus 1. of June." "In this inscription," says Dr. Hotson, "is exhibited not only a profound ignorance of a very plain Elizabethan hand, but also a reprehensible faculty for invention. Mr. Ingram not only read *ffrezer* as *Archer*,—although the *ff* of *ffrezer* is patently similar to the *ff* of the preceding word *ffrancis* and totally different from the *A* of *Alexander* in the next line, while the *s* is quite unlike any *s* on the page,—but coolly invented *sepultus* and foisted it upon the public in the place of the actual *sepultus*."

Reproductions from "The Death of Christopher Marlowe," by Courtesy of Dr. J. Leslie Hotson, the Author, and the Nonesuch Press, the Publishers.

"Regina xxvij<sup>o</sup> die Junij concessit Ingamo ffrisar perdonam de se defendendo," which may be put into English roughly as:

"The Queen 28th day of June granted pardon to Ingram ffrisar [sc. for homicide] in self-defence."

"This pardon was issued just four weeks after Marlowe's death."

A clue indeed; and it was not false. Pursuing it, Dr. Hotson not only came upon the Pardon, but

## THE KING REOPENS WEMBLEY: THE ROYAL PARTY; AEROPLANES.

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1, BY PHOTOPRESS; NO. 2 BY G.P.A.; NOS. 3 AND 4 OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



1. FLYING VERY LOW OVER THE STADIUM DURING THE CEREMONY: AEROPLANES SALUTING THE KING AFTER HE HAD OPENED THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.



2. SHOWING IN THE GROUP BETWEEN THE TWO LEFT PILLARS (L. TO R.) THE BISHOP OF LONDON, THE DUKE OF YORK, THE QUEEN, AND THE KING (RAISING HIS HAND): THE ROYAL DAIS.



3. AMONG THE ROYAL PARTY ON THE DAIS: (L. TO R.) PRINCE HENRY, PRINCESS MARY, VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES, VISCOUNT LASCELLES, PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, AND PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.



4. WEARING THE EYE-GLASSES HE HAS RECENTLY ADOPTED FOR READING: THE KING REPLYING TO THE DUKE OF YORK'S ADDRESS AND DECLARING THE EXHIBITION OPEN.

After the royal party had taken their places on the dais, the Duke of York, as President of the Exhibition, read an address of welcome to the King and asked him to reopen it. His Majesty then responded, and said in conclusion: "I declare this British Empire Exhibition open, and I pray that, by the blessing of God, it may serve to draw closer the bonds which unite all parts of the Empire, to further the growth of commerce both within and without the Empire, and to promote the general prosperity and happiness of the world." A short religious service followed, in which the Bishop of London recited an Empire Collect, and

the massed choirs intoned the Lord's Prayer and sang the hymn "Fight the Good Fight." A fanfare of trumpets announced that the King had opened the Exhibition, guns fired a royal salute, and a squadron of eight aeroplanes also saluted as they flew low over the Stadium. It will be noted that the King has now taken to wearing glasses for reading purposes; but it need not, of course, be assumed that there is anything seriously wrong with his Majesty's eyesight, which, as his well-known skill at shooting indicates, is remarkably good. He is one of the best shots among British sportsmen.

## Between Two Illusions and Two Exaggerations.

By SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,

*the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.*

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

A PERSON who, by relations and for family reasons, is in a position to know Russian affairs well, recently gave me an opinion on the situation in that Empire which appeared to my historical judgment to be a surprisingly probable one. I sum up here its essential points.

"Europe," said this well-informed person, "has gone astray, in its judgment of the Russian revolution, between two exaggerations. There are parties who obstinately persist in attributing to the Russian revolution a universal character, similar to that which the French Revolution possessed, and who almost believe they see in it the French Revolution of the twentieth century. This is a complete mistake. The revolution of 1917 is an exclusively Russian matter; a change of political régime which cannot serve as an example to the Western European countries, who long ago accomplished the transformation towards which the former Empire of the Tsars is now making the first tentative experiments."

"I am well aware that it is thought in the world at large that Russia has given the first example of the social revolution which has been promised for half a century to the Western masses. But the social revolution which has been made in Russia resolves itself merely into one of those great confiscations which have been repeated over and over again in history. Private property in land has never been suppressed except on paper, and private property in goods has never been suppressed either, except for short periods. The necessity of reanimating production has already partly re-established it; it will re-establish it completely in the near future, with at most some formal limitations. But if the régime of property has not been definitely altered by the revolution, the proprietors have been already changed, and that in large numbers. Those who own the farms, houses, jewels, furs, and all the rest today are not those who owned them ten years ago."

"This great confiscation is very important for its victims and its beneficiaries, but it is of no importance for Europe or the world. It does not appear necessary that the history of the twentieth century should change because those people who were rich in Russia have become poor, and a small number of poor people have become rich. The workman and peasant State which the revolutionaries thought to found at Moscow is governed by bourgeois who are intellectuals and officials, and exactly like the French Republic or the German Republic."

"Supporting their assertions on these facts, which are incontestable, other parties say that nothing is changed in Russia except the men and the names. Lenin was only a Red Tsar. But that is another mistake. A deep political transformation has taken place during the last seven years in the ancient Muscovite Empire—a transformation which, being exclusively Russian, can have no universal significance at present, but the reverberations of which will one day make themselves felt over the whole planet. I will give you two examples, one taken from internal politics and the other from external."

"People like to say that the Red Tsars of Moscow continue the hard centralising policy of the White Tsars of St. Petersburg. That is not correct. The new régime is no longer strong enough to allow itself such a policy. It has replaced the ancient monarchic centralisation by a system of federated republics. It has divided the immense Empire into a number of republics which follow the great ethnographical divisions, and has made a federation of them. The system is still a rough one, and it would be unwise to prophesy what will be the final outcome of it. But, if it succeeds, it will greatly facilitate the introduction into the empire of a real representative régime. The Imperial centralisation had always been the great obstacle to the political Westernising of Russia; it would have created very grave difficulties even in the work of the Constituent Assembly, if the latter had not been swept aside by Lenin. The Soviet Federation may be destined

to form the transition between monarchical centralisation and a new régime analogous to the political institutions of Western Europe.

"However that may be, the federal régime has, for the moment, given the problem of the various races a different solution from that which Tsarism gave it. Tsarism wanted to denationalise them and Russianise them by force; the new régime, so long as they officially recognise communistic principles, leaves them a large autonomy, and does not persecute their language, their religion, or their traditions.

"Something of the same kind is happening with regard to foreign policy. It is frequently affirmed in Europe and America that the Soviet régime has only continued the Imperial policy of the Tsars, but this is again a mistake. They forget that during the nineteenth century Imperial Russia had two policies—an Asiatic policy and a European policy. In Asia, where she found herself face to face with feeble States, she pursued a policy of expansion and of conquest. In Europe, where she came into contact with two formidable Empires like Turkey and Austria, she pursued the policy of "liberation." She presented herself to the Slav populations under the yoke of the Sultan or Hapsburgs as their protectress and urged them to revolt.

"The new régime has transported into Asia the policy which Imperial Russia pursued in Europe. Russia presents herself to the peoples of Asia no longer as the voracious

error, for it is one of the deepest causes of the present state of perturbation.

How came we to expect or fear a revolutionary reconstruction of our civilisation? The expectation or fear of this reconstruction rests on a historical analogy which, thanks to an indefatigable propaganda, has become popular during the last half-century. This analogy claims that, as at the end of the eighteenth century the bourgeoisie ousted the aristocracy by creating a new form of state, inspired by its ideologies and its interests, the proletariat, peasants and workmen will oust the bourgeoisie and create its own state in accordance with its doctrines and interests. But this analogy seems somewhat hasty and arbitrary. The French Revolution did not replace one class by another. It did something much more vast: it substituted in a great part of the world a new conception of life, secular, rationalistic and optimistic, for a traditional, religious, authoritative and pessimistic conception, by destroying all the institutions which were in contradiction to that new conception. Though in all countries, but especially in France, the plebeians profited more than the ancient nobility by this enormous revolution, the new conception of life was not the work of the bourgeoisie, struggling with the nobility. It was created gradually, by the slow work of three centuries, in which all classes, including the clergy, who were to be its principal victims, took part through their most cultivated minds. A part of those who since the nineteenth century have been called the bourgeoisie, even fought throughout Europe against the ideas of the French Revolution, which were destined to make the power and fortune of their class.

It is easy to realise that from this point of view the present position of Europe has nothing analogous to that which existed at the end of the eighteenth century. During the whole of the nineteenth century we have done nothing but apply, develop, adapt, and sometimes rectify the ideas of the French Revolution: we have created no new doctrine, of which the masses should be the depositaries, and which might once again change the face of the world. Collectivism, which is the supreme hope of the revolutionary parties, is only an extreme extension and a *reductio ad absurdum* of democratic doctrines. Has it indeed entered so deeply into the spirit of the European masses that it can give them the strength, intelligence, and spirit of sacrifice necessary to attempt the social reorganisation of a part of the world on a new plan? One would require to be endowed with a great power of credulity to affirm this.

Many people have been deceived because we have witnessed so many revolutions during the last eight years: the Russian, German, Austrian, Hungarian, Turkish, Greek, Bulgarian, and Italian revolutions. It is no doubt a lengthy list, and it might make us believe that we are at the beginning of a new revolutionary era. But if the list is a long one the duration of all these revolutions has been very short. With the exception of the Russian revolution, which took six months, the others all accomplished their work in forty-eight hours, and ceased immediately. With the exception of the Russian revolution, which, however, failed in the attempt, the others did not seek to extend their influence abroad; they shut themselves up in themselves. Even Fascism was forced to recognise, in the course of two years, that the world remained indifferent to its ideas, its exploits, and its heroes.

No, the revolutions which we have witnessed are not the beginning of a new revolutionary era; they are the completion of the revolutionary epoch which began in 1789. In order to transform the world according to the new conception of life, the French Revolution and the nineteenth century, which continued its work, were obliged to destroy one after another a large number of institutions both ecclesiastical and secular. In many European countries, monarchy alone of these old institutions still survived ten years ago. These revolutions only completed the work of the French Revolution in overthrowing monarchy. The one exception was Fascism, which, instead of overthrowing it, dispossessed monarchy, and made it a prisoner in its own palace. Once the monarchies were overthrown, these revolutions had nothing more to do, for they found themselves face to face with economic



HEAVILY MANACLED AND UNDER STRONG MILITARY GUARD: SOME OF THE 3000 PRISONERS ARRESTED IN BULGARIA, ON A CHARGE OF COMPLICITY IN THE BOMB OUTRAGE AT SOFIA, LEAVING THE COURT ON THEIR RETURN TO GAOL.

Since the great bomb outrage at Sofia Cathedral, Bulgaria has been placed under martial law, and trials of accused persons, by court-martial, have been proceeding for some time. It was stated on May 8 that some 3000 people were under arrest in the country, including 700 in Sofia itself. The whole Parliamentary Opposition (Liberals, Democrats, Radicals, Socialists and moderate Agrarians) has supported the Government against the Communists and the extreme Agrarians.—[Photograph by P. and A.]

monster which is about to devour them, but as their friend and liberator. She incites and helps them to resist European domination, which is represented almost everywhere by England. This new policy explains her *rapprochement* to Japan.

"This policy did not spring from a romantic inspiration; it is, like federalism, the effect of growing weakness. Russian power has become the shadow of what it was ten years ago, so that Soviet Russia can no longer pursue the ancient policy in Asia. But neither can she dissociate herself from the continent in which she has played so great a part during the last two centuries. The new policy is born of that contradiction; and it is easy to foresee that it may make far-reaching changes in a number of Asiatic problems.

"To sum up, it was not a new civilisation which began with the Russian revolution. But little by little the revolution is creating a new Russia, which the world has not yet even begun to realise."

The error of appreciation which my informant observed in the current opinions about Russia is only a special case of a more general error which is also more dangerous. It is found on a larger scale in the opinions that are held on the general situation in Europe. In these opinions our epoch vacillates between two extreme exaggerations; at times it hopes or fears a complete revolution, by which all will be renewed, as at the end of the eighteenth century; at another time it convinces itself that nothing has been changed during the past ten years, and that everything is going on as it always has done. We must try and rectify this double

## A REMARKABLE METHOD OF PORTRAITURE: PHOTO-SCULPTURE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, LTD., 63, BAKER STREET, W.1.



LADY DIANA DUFF COOPER (MORE OFTEN KNOWN AS LADY DIANA MANNERS): A PORTRAIT-RELIEF IN PHOTO-SCULPTURE.



ANTON LANG AS CHRISTUS IN THE OBER-AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY: A PHOTO-SCULPTURE PORTRAIT RELIEF.



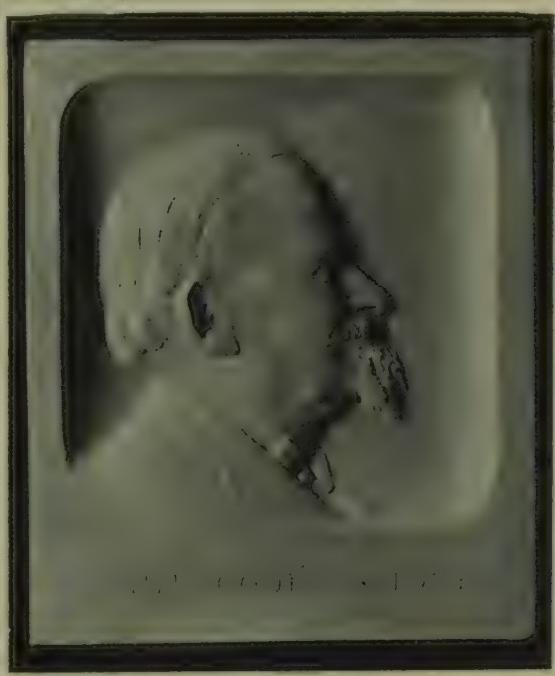
THE PRINCE OF WALES: A MEDALLION PORTRAIT RELIEF BY THE NEW PROCESS OF PHOTO-SCULPTURE.



AUGUSTUS JOHN, A.R.A.: A PHOTO-SCULPTURE RELIEF PORTRAIT OF THE FAMOUS PAINTER.



CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN: THE HEAD OF THE FAMOUS NORWEGIAN EXPLORER IN HIGH PHOTO-SCULPTURE RELIEF.



M. EMILE COUÉ: A RELIEF PORTRAIT IN PHOTO-SCULPTURE OF THE PROPHET OF AUTO-SUGGESTION.



NURMI, THE "FLYING FINN": A HALF-LENGTH PHOTO-SCULPTURE RELIEF OF THE FAMOUS RUNNER.



MR. HOWARD CARTER: A PHOTO-SCULPTURE RELIEF PORTRAIT OF THE EGYPTOLOGIST WHO FOUND TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB.



MR. STANLEY BALDWIN: A LIFE-LIKE BUST OF THE PRIME MINISTER DONE IN THE ROUND BY PHOTO-SCULPTURE.

This exceedingly interesting process of photo-sculpture was invented by Mr. Howard M. Edmunds, and is patented throughout the world. A studio was opened last year in New York. Messrs. Elliott and Fry, the well-known London photographers, arranged to open an exhibition of photo-sculpture at their galleries on May 11. Feeling that the results achieved justify them in introducing the process to their clients, they have fitted up a special studio for taking the necessary negatives, from which a finished carving, in the form of a bust or plaque can be made in plaster, bronze, alabaster, marble, or as miniatures in ivory, gold, silver, or other metals. The negatives will be preserved so that at any future time the carving

can be made without any further sitting. In taking the negatives a series of fine parallel lines engraved upon a sheet of glass are projected by a powerful lantern on the face of the sitter. These straight lines, when viewed from the position of the cameras, appear curved according to the contour of the features. In the carving machine the operator follows the curves of these lines with a pointer which controls a revolving drill on the solid plaster block. The photo-sculpture studio and carving machine are open to visitors. The greatest feature of the process is the accuracy of drawing and the extraordinary likeness, which is so difficult to obtain in ordinary sculpture.

# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

MISS MABEL RUSSELL, M.P., AND MUSSOLINI, PLAYWRIGHT.—THE CURTAIN-RAISER.

IT was my good fortune the other day to meet Miss Mabel Russell (Mrs. Hilton Philipson), the energetic and charming M.P. It was at the first night of "Just a King," which, with Mr. Langhorne Burton, Miss Mary O'Farrell, and Mr. J. J. Bartlett—the latter mentioned in this page, some months ago, as the coming man from the provinces—scored a success. And Mr. Bartlett will no longer wander in the provinces—"as per prophecy." Miss Russell was just back from Italy, where she had attended the commercial conference among ninety-eight delegates of different States and made a great impression with her speech in honour of Italy, culminating in veneration for its past; admiration for the present; assurance of the future.

On that occasion she met Mussolini and had a talk with him. "Did you tell him," I asked, "about your stage career?" Yes, she did. "And did he not mention his play to you?" "His—Mussolini's play?" and Miss Russell was much astonished that a man so busy with putting the house of Italy in order yet found time to qualify as a dramatist.

"Fact! He has written a play; I have it on the authority of a leading editor in Paris. It appears that some time ago, talking to the Italian actress Signorina Barbelli—I think that is her name—whom he much admires, he indicated that he had ambitions in that direction.

"Then why don't you write a play for me?" said the artist, in enthusiasm. "It is written—at least, two acts of it are. The third was just begun when I fell ill. I will complete it as soon as I have a few days of *buen retiro!*" Then and there, so it appears, the pact was made, and, needless to say, all Italy is full of new expectations of the great man."

Miss Russell beamed. "What an opportunity! I

must write at once to Borelli, the famous actor, whom I met at the same gathering as Mussolini. I want a play—and, as I looked at her enquiringly, she continued: "Oh! it won't interfere with my duties at the House, whence I have just come—look, I am in my working kit and dare not show myself from the box—I want a play for one of my causes."

"Yes, I know, the children whose champion you always are."

"Exactly!" And as I asked whether she was still on with the "old love," she said, with that wonderful smile that in Gladys Unger's "London Pride" lighted up the scenes of "mean streets" in brilliant illumination: "Yes—and I ever will be."

And so it may come to pass that, within a short space of time, a play by Italy's Premier will be seen on the London boards at a matinée, with Mabel Russell, M.P., in the leading part, when there will be rejoicing in the World of the Theatre.

The World of the Theatre is full of surprises. If, some years ago, one had prophesied the return of the one-act, nobody would have believed it. The curtain-raiser was dead and gone, superseded by the "sketch," an inferior product of the music-halls in which a "punch" of some sort, a grand thrill or a big laugh, was the main ingredient. No occasion for finesse of dialogue, for style, here: if it tickled the masses it would go—if not, it would go, too—in another sense. But a curious thing happened: the "sketch" lost favour; it became, perhaps for want of inventive genius, less and less exciting; perhaps

the public had had enough of sheer sensation and nonsense. Gradually the thrillers and the trillers subsided, and their place was taken by better material. The one-act works of Shaw—to name but one leader—found favour, not only in London, but in the provinces. It was a kind of revelation. The music-hall public proved as accessible to quality as the patrons of the theatre. But no one ever thought that the curtain-raiser—unless, indeed, it were by a Shaw or a Barrie—would once more find its place in the evening bills of West End theatres. Then, suddenly, the Haymarket reverted to the old order of things; and anon, at the Ambassadors, Miss Marie Tempest followed suit; and in both cases the experiment was successful. Only a few stallites, preferring their *pousse-café* to a theatrical *hors d'œuvre*, dribbled in

In that period it was the custom to start the career of a dramatist with a one-act play, a kind of feeler, as it were. Jones and Pinero began in that way, and I daresay they will admit that the production was the object-lesson that emboldened them to launch out on the more ambitious scale. Nor is the reason why, in these days, the curtain-raiser has been neglected entirely a practical one. It lies deeper. A new spirit of enterprise has come over the beginners. It may be because youth is more precocious, or because the rapid and immense developments of life have widened the general horizon. The young no longer wait to learn to walk, to go through their paces; they want to leap. And when they feel that they are equipped to write for the stage, they say to themselves—knowing full well that one-acts mean

but small reward and that a three-decker possibly holds a fortune—"Nothing venture, nothing have." And thus they go the whole hog: and here is the explanation why we have so many bad plays, if not actually produced, yet offered for production. Everybody—you must not take this literally, but in a broad sense—thinks that he can write a play nowadays, and so "there goes!" The difference is obvious between now and then. The older playwrights learned their business steadily, and the experiment cost the public and the manager little time and money; the present aspirants think that they have nothing to learn, and that, if they provide the tune, the piper may look after himself.

It is too early in the day to say whether the one-act play will now become an institution. It may be a passing phase. You know what happens in the theatre. It is like the fair sex, a slave to "modes." If somebody has a success with one kind of article, sure enough others follow. Then there is a craze—as

for mystery and sex plays just now—an apogee and a sudden eclipse. Ten to one that within the next season several theatres will follow the example of the Haymarket and the Ambassadors. If the plays are worth doing and are done well, the revived fashion will go on. If, on the other hand, managers return to the old ways of treating the one-act play as a negligible quantity, it will die out as quickly as it flickered up, and that would be a great pity. The art of the one-act play, as well as that of the short story, is a peculiar one, more difficult and more important than it seems. To compress a phase of life into half an hour is an

MME. DELIA REINHARDT: A SOPRANO  
FROM THE STATE OPERA AT BERLIN.



HERR BRUNO WALTER: ONE OF THE MOST  
DISTINGUISHED OF MODERN CONDUCTORS.



MME. FRIDA LEIDER: A SOPRANO  
FROM THE STATE OPERA AT BERLIN.



MME. LOTTE LEHMANN: A SOPRANO  
FROM THE STATE OPERA AT VIENNA.



MME. ELIZABETH SCHUMANN: A SOPRANO  
FROM THE STATE OPERA AT VIENNA.



MME. DELIA REINHARDT: A SOPRANO  
FROM THE STATE OPERA AT BERLIN.

## THE NEW INTERNATIONAL OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN: A FAMOUS CONDUCTOR AND FOUR OF THE WELL-KNOWN SINGERS ENGAGED.

The International Opera Season at Covent Garden, organised by the London Opera Syndicate by arrangement with the Grand Opera Syndicate, will begin on Monday, May 18, and end on Friday, July 10. The first month is to be devoted to German operas, and the second to Italian, as was done last year. Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier" will be performed on the opening night under the direction of Herr Bruno Walter, the famous conductor, and again on the 22nd. On the 19th, 20th, and 21st respectively will be given Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," "Lohengrin," and "Die Walküre."

late. The majority are punctual, for two reasons: the plays are worth hearing; and the acting is of the same high standard as that of the main fare.

This is a reversal of the order of things in former days, when the one-act play began to decline. It was no more than a stop-gap. Merit was rare and not even sought. The performance was left to the smaller fry in the profession. If the author (unless he were a celebrity) had to be content with ten shillings per performance, the player was "happy" if he or she received three pounds a week. The whole thing did not matter. Generally the Press took as little notice as the public. The day of the curtain-raiser was over. It was no longer a stepping-stone to fame, as in the middle of the last century, when world-wide reputations were built on one-act plays: remember the famous "Joie fait Peur" by Mme. Emile de Girardin, a playlet which, thanks to Coquelin, was performed in all countries; remember Jerome's "Barbara" and "Fennel," still favourites with amateurs.

achievement. And as I say "Half an hour" I think of the little masterpiece of that name by James Barrie. To have written such a play some would give a fortune. And there are others waiting for a hearing and a chance.

It was by no means easy to find a successor to Mr. Robert Atkins, whose work at the "Old Vic" was beyond all our praise, and whose advent in management will be an event.

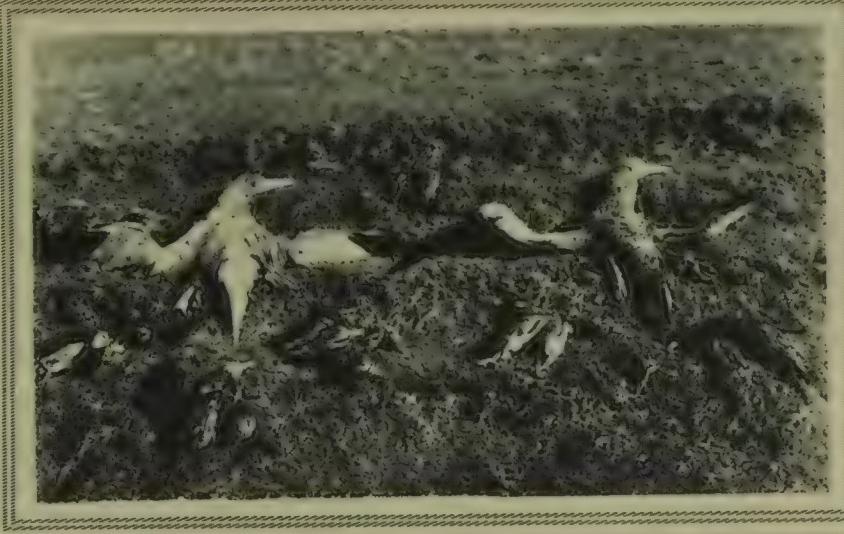
But I think Miss Baylis is to be congratulated on the appointment of Mr. Andrew Leigh, who has already earned his spurs, and whose performance in the Copek "Insect Play" stands out in memory. Mr. Leigh belongs to the young generation, and so one can expect that the enthusiasts of the "Old Vic" will rally around him with the same unswerving loyalty which has added to the fame of the establishment. He has so far not expounded his policy, but his originality as an actor warrants progress.

## DEADLY OIL ON THE WATERS: THE TRAGEDY OF TORTURED BIRDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MISS THACKERAY RITCHIE AND THE ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.



A VICTIM OF THE POLLUTION OF THE SEA WITH REFUSE OIL DISCHARGED FROM SHIPS: A RAZORBILL, OIL-CLOGGED AND UNABLE TO FLY, CAST UP DEAD ON THE SHORE.



"THE OIL SO COATS AND CLOGS THEIR FEATHERS THAT THEY ARE UNABLE TO FLY AND CAN ONLY FLOAT . . . AND ARE THROWN UP ON THE BEACH": DEAD GANNETS AND RAZORBILLS.



"THE ISLE OF WIGHT'S BEAUTIFUL COAST IS IN PLACES BEING TURNED FROM A PARADISE INTO A DESOLATION OF FILTH AND NOISSOME SMELLS AND DYING BIRDS": GANNETS AND GUILLEMOTS KILLED BY OIL AND WASHED ASHORE AT FRESHWATER, THEIR PLUMAGE "CLOTTED AND FOULED BY THE BLACK, TARRY FILTH."

Pouring oil on troubled waters has its special uses, but the indiscriminate practice of discharging refuse oil into the sea belies the proverb, and has a devastating effect on bird and fish life and on coast amenities. The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, which did much to secure the passing of the Oil in Navigable Waters Act in 1922, is urging vigorously, with the support of the Isle of Wight County Council, Women's Institutes, cinemas, and private persons, an extension of the law to enforce the provision on ships of apparatus to separate oil and water before discharge. The Society's magazine, "Bird Notes and News," says: "The Isle of Wight's beautiful coast is in places being turned from a paradise into a desolation of filth and noisome smells and dying birds. . . . Miss Thackeray

Ritchie wrote to the 'Times' from Freshwater: 'It is terrible to watch the poor birds trying to escape from the oil, which so coats and clogs their feathers that they are unable to fly and can only float. . . . From Bonchurch Mr. De Vere Stacpoole writes: 'I found three oil-soaked Guillemots, one dead, one dying, and the third struggling in terror and distress, trying to clean its wings.' Lord Tennyson, Deputy-Governor of the Island, and Lady Tennyson, are strongly supporting a monster petition to the Prime Minister. Lord Bearsted suggested that the oil comes from oil-carrying ships sunk by German submarines in the war, and breaking up under water. "It is a fallacy," he said, "to suppose that any shipowners would deliberately cast oil on the waters; it is far too valuable."

## STILTS INSTEAD OF LADDERS: STRANGE PICTURE-HANGING AT THE PARIS SALON.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST,

STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



"STILTED" WORKMEN HANGING WALL-DRAPERIES AND UPPER PICTURES:  
THE EXHIBITS AT THE PARIS SALON.

During the preparations for the Paris Salon, which was opened on April 29, the curious sight could be seen of men going about in the galleries on stilts, fixing the hangings and the upper rows of pictures. This method has been adopted, apparently, as being more convenient and expeditious than steps or ladders. The stilts can be lengthened or shortened, as required, by the addition or removal of sections at the end. The Salon this year, it may be noted, is being held in the Orangerie at the Tuilleries, instead of at the Grand Palais, the usual place, as the latter building has been required for the



A MODE OF PROGRESS POPULAR IN THE LANDES ADOPTED IN ARRANGING  
IN THE ORANGERIE AT THE TUILERIES.

Exhibition of Decorative Arts. Stilts are much used by the peasantry in the district of south-western France known as the Landes, consisting of vast stretches of arid lands or salt, marshy plains, cut up by small dykes, pools, and hummocks. A drawing of country people in the Landes going to market on stilts appeared in our issue of September 13, 1902. It may be of interest to mention that another feature of life in the Landes has just been shown in Paris—the "Courses Landaises," something between a bull-fight and a Rodeo.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

A MOST interesting curiosity of Boswell literature has just appeared under the title of "BOSWELL'S NOTEBOOK" (Milford; 3s. 6d.), which contains a certain amount of the biographer's material for his "Life of Johnson." Although the most of Boswell's notes were destroyed by his family, this notebook, giving particulars of Johnson's

Thomas's authority. Mr. Whale's power of literary allusion was as wide-ranging as it was apt, and he used it with the most delightful effect in his after-dinner speeches, a form of oratory that he practised with a felicity now rapidly becoming a lost art. His kindness and humanity endeared him to all who were fortunate enough to make his acquaintance, and even those who could not claim intimacy felt that in him they had a staunch friend.

In turning over the new books I wondered if that useful preliminary, the table of contents, had ever received the separate meed of praise that is its due. Of its utility in history or biography it would be superfluous to speak, but its virtues there end perhaps with the utilitarian. In the novel they are negligible, although here and there a chapter title may leap to arrest or allure the reader and set him speculating; but as he is yet presumably ignorant of the plot, the list of contents is more or less a sealed document. The greatest attraction of "Contents" is certainly that which heralds a book of miscellaneous essays, especially if the papers are on more or less familiar literary subjects. Then, before reading a line of the text, one loves to dally with the table of contents as with the menu of a well-ordered feast. One chooses deliberately, setting this item against that, until one falls into a luxurious uncertainty as to where it would be best to begin.

No recent book has so pleasurable teased and tickled me in this respect as *THE ENGLISH COMIC CHARACTERS*, by J. B. Priestley (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Priestley's name alone was sufficient earnest of good things to come, but his detailed bill of fare was enough to make a literary epicure halt between two or more opinions on the question of where he should begin. By all the laws of system and conscientious reading, the book should be taken in its order as presented, but there is some excuse for the *gourmet* who rushes incontinent at some tit-bit above measure appealing. Confronted with such titles as "Bulby Bottom," "Falstaff and his Circle," "Parson Adams," "The Two Wellers," "Mr. Collins," or "Mr. Micawber," anyone who knows Mr. Priestley's art and craft should have little difficulty in beginning the banquet anywhere. But hold! Another title seized me with an even more insistent persuasion. It gave promise of something just a little out of the common, a hint of something new—perhaps something additional about a famous person who is somewhat overshadowed by an eminent relative. And so I fell to the temptation—as who would not?—and began my reading with "The Brothers Shandy."

There is sufficient reward in taking this essay first, even at the risk of playing little boy Passion in "The Pilgrim's Progress," "who would have his good things now." It may be that nothing better can be found in the book, but that is a matter of individual taste, and, in any case, all good Shandy-ites are safe to rush at this essay, which does justice, hitherto somewhat neglected, to Mr. Walter Shandy, the father of Tristram. Never, I think, has that excellent retired Turkey merchant turned philosopher been so finely appreciated, and that, too, without bating a jot of Uncle Toby's deserts. Mr. Priestley, as it were, brings Mr. Shandy up-to-date.

At this very moment [he says], buried away in snug and bookish villas, there are probably a few score Mr. Shandys, bent on proving that a gravel soil is necessary to produce great genius, that all our political progress is the work of the ten Lost Tribes, that the Arabs first invented sin, that the world will not be saved until all the red-haired have vanished from its surface. Such persons are not scholars, even in their retirement, but they contrive to amass a great quantity of odd scraps of learning; they come to their books, which are, for the most part, curious, out-of-the-way volumes, with a certain freshness and innocence, and so tend to believe in them whole-heartedly.

The essayist shows that Tristram, while emphasising his father's skill in oratory and dialectic, rather underrates his learning. Most engaging, too, is Mr. Priestley's exposition of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim as typical retired soldiers: brave old simpletons striking fire from one another in their memories.

The reminiscent Service man of to-day is more than ever with us at present, and the sailor is just as good a *raconteur* as the soldier. If you would see him in his most entertaining discursive vein, you should make a point of reading "HULL DOWN," by Sir Bertram Hayes, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., R.N.R.,

Commodore of the White Star Line (Cassell; 10s. 6d.). Sir Bertram, trained in the Merchant Service, was in command of the *Olympic* during the War, and has much to say about the experiences of a merchant captain holding Naval Reserve rank in the submarine-infested seas. He describes the ramming of U-boat 103 by the *Olympic*, and he has many personal reminiscences of the famous passengers he carried in those perilous times. He brought back Mr. Balfour and the British Mission from America, and he took out the late Mr. Walter Hines Page on his last voyage to New York. In memory of the great Ambassador, Mrs. Page presented Sir Bertram with a copy of the address delivered by Mr. Page at Plymouth at the centenary of the sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers. Every chapter of this book is like its author, frank, genial, breezy, fearless, and entertaining.

Without prejudice to any more extended notice which may appear here or on another page, the following noteworthy novels may be recommended for your library list. That talented writer, Henry Handel Richardson, whose "Maurice Guest" is one of the most memorable and impressive books of the present century, has just issued a fourth novel, "THE WAY HOME" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), which is the second part of the same author's third book, "The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney."

Those in search of lighter fare should note "THE PROFESSOR AMONG THE LADIES," by Elmer Davis (Methuen; 7s. 6d.), the second quite recent American novel about a comic professor; "THE EX-GENTLEMAN," by Thirza Nash (Jarrold; 7s. 6d.); "THE NEW DECAMERON," Vol. IV., by various eminent hands (Blackwell; 7s. 6d.); and the second impression of that most delicate and delightful series of sketches of post-war Belgium, "THE LITTLE SISTER OF FRANCE," by Dorothy M. Williams (Simpkin Marshall; 5s.). All are excellent reading.

## MISS CLEMENCE DANE.

*The Editor of "The Illustrated London News" wishes to state that he has received a letter from Miss Clemence Dane disclaiming responsibility for the interview with her as given by Mr. Walter Tittle in our issue of May 2, and, also, for its version of casual references to personal friends.*



"INSTANTLY I SAW A PAGE GO OUT RICHLY DRESSED IN MY LIVERY": BY J. E. LABOUREUR, A NOTED FRENCH ARTIST—AN INTERESTING REVIVAL OF LINE-ENGRAVING IN BOOK ILLUSTRATION.

M. Laboureur's illustrations to "The Devil in Love" are original line-engravings, cut by the artist from his own designs direct on the copper plate. This is at once an innovation and a revival. In the eighteenth century the line-engraver usually worked from a painter's original; and in the nineteenth century line-engraving was almost entirely superseded by etching, particularly wood-engraving, and later both were superseded by photography. The book is a translation of "Le Diable Amoureux," by Jacques Cazotte, who was executed in Paris under the Terror in 1792.

Frontispiece to "The Devil in Love," from the French of Jacques Cazotte (1720-92), with Engravings on Copper by J. E. Laboureur. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Heinemann.

early life during the years 1776-1777, had the good fortune to escape destruction. It formed part of the Morrison collection, and then passed into the hands of Mr. R. B. Adam, the great American collector, whose son, Mr. R. B. Adam the Second, has permitted the present issue, which makes the general public free of the work for the first time.

Apropos of Johnsoniana, literary circles in London have suffered a great loss in the sudden death of that excellent man and accomplished bookman, Mr. George Whale. He combined the arts of the bibliophile with those of the true man of letters; for, although he loved a rare and curious edition, the contents of the book were more to him than the exterior or the adventitious history of its wanderings from sale-room to sale-room. He was a great Johnsonian, and a prominent member of the Johnson Club: he loved to pose his friends with literary conundrums, such as: "What do you think is the best indexed of all English books?" His answer to that was, "Birkbeck Hill's edition of Boswell's Johnson." He delighted in pursuing recondite literary questions to their source, and on one occasion he "potted" me fairly with a sudden enquiry as to the origin of the saying, "It is evident that Aristotle transgressed the rule of his own ethics; the Stoicks, that condemn passion, and command a man to laugh in Phalaris's Bull could not endure without a groan a fit of the stone or colic." Needless to say, Mr. Whale was not asking for a reference to Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici." What he was after was to discover where Sir Thomas got his assertion that the Stoicks would command a man to laugh in Phalaris's Bull. It went over me fairly, but I had little compunction, when my questioner told me that one of the most eminent of living scholars did not know. I then referred the matter to an almost infallible friend, who shortly afterwards showed me the passage of Cicero which must have been Sir



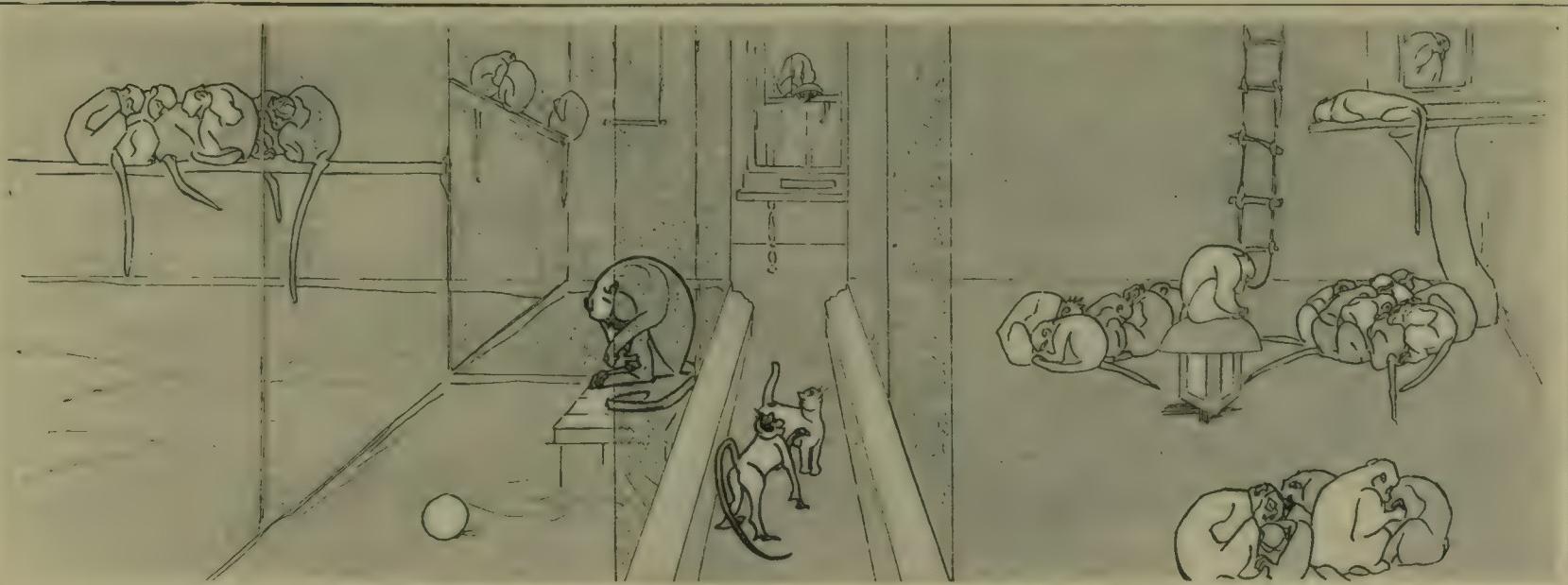
IN THE MEADOW, NOW PRESERVED FOR THE NATION, BESIDE THE CHURCHYARD HE IMMORTALISED: GRAY'S MEMORIAL AT STOKE POGES, INSCRIBED WITH VERSES FROM HIS "ELEGY."

The scene of Thomas Gray's immortal "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" has been preserved from the encroachments of the builder, and has become a national possession. An appeal by the Church Council of Stoke Poges, led by the Vicar, Canon Barnett, to secure ten acres of meadow adjoining the churchyard, met with generous response from British and American subscribers all over the world. The land was bought, and on May 5 Lord Grey of Fallodon performed the ceremony of receiving the title-deeds and handing them over to the safe keeping of the National Trust. In an eloquent address, he referred to the "Elegy" as "the possession of the English-speaking world."

Photograph by Sport and General.

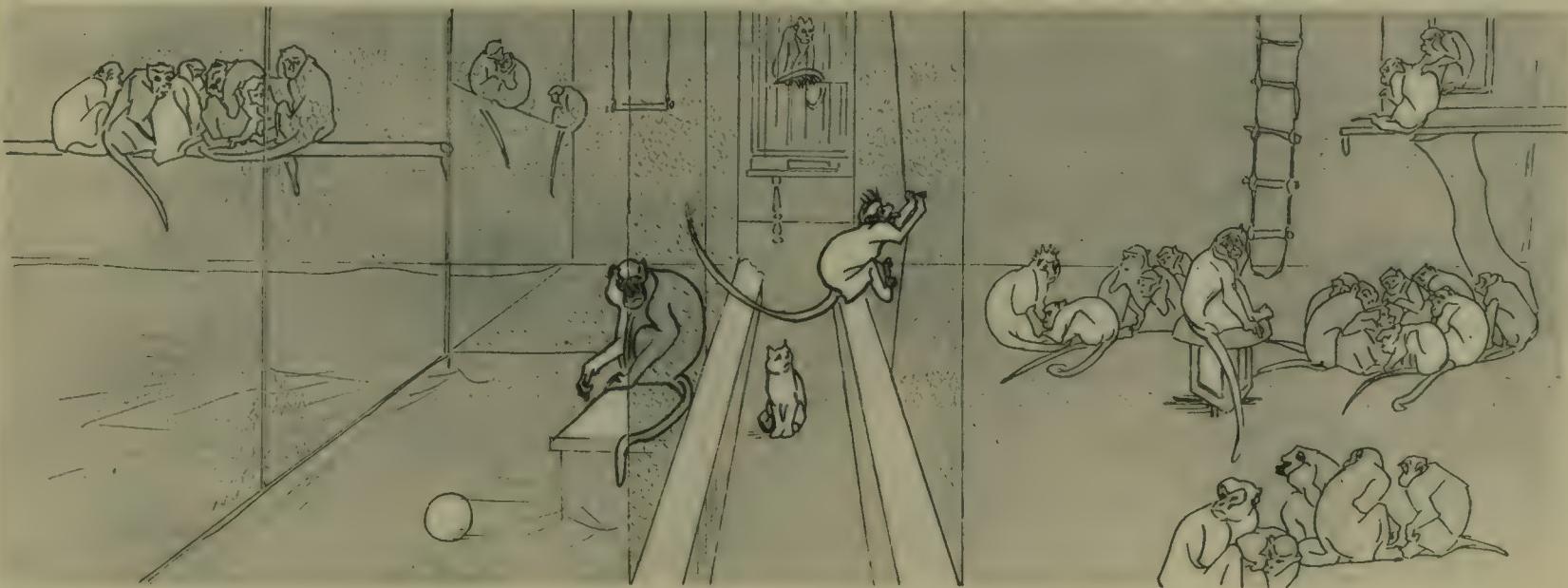
## BLINX AND BUNDA: A TOUR ROUND THE "ZOO."—No. X.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



Bunda: Here we are in the Monkey House

Blinx: Rather a poor show, Bunda; they are all asleep



Bunda: I will rattle the cage; I'll wake them up; I'll make them frisk and chatter



Blinx: Isn't Bunda splendid!

### BUNDA WAKES UP THE MONKEY HOUSE: A SHORT STORY OF A LONG TAIL.

In personally conducting his friend Blinx round the "Zoo," Bunda proved himself an admirable cicerone. Even if his effects were not always what he intended, they were, at any rate, satisfactory to the spectator. Bunda's chief

failing, as we have seen before, was a tendency to boastfulness, a quality that is liable to humiliation. In the Monkey House, as on a former occasion in the Reptile House, his long tail was the cause of his undoing.

## GREAT DISCOVERIES AT A MAGNIFICENT CITY OF ANTIQUITY: CYRENE; AND ITS SEAPORT, APOLLONIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR

AND THE ITALIAN DEPARTMENT OF COLONIAL ARCHAEOLOGY.



WITH ITS IMPOSING CORINTHIAN COLONNADE RE-ERECTED: RUINS OF THE BEAUTIFUL CHRISTIAN BASILICA AT APOLLONIA, THE PORT OF CYRENE.



STILL IN POSITION IN ITS SHRINE: A SMALL SEATED STATUE OF APOLLO THE HARP-PLAYER FOUND NEAR THE GREAT TEMPLE OF THAT GOD AT CYRENE.



RECENTLY UNEARTHED BENEATH THE BASILICA AT APOLLONIA, WHERE AN OLDER BUILDING HAD PREVIOUSLY STOOD: ROMAN STATUES.



THE HEART OF ANCIENT CYRENE AS IT APPEARS SINCE THE NEW EXCAVATIONS: THE AGORA (MARKET PLACE) AND THE TEMPLE OF JOVE, OR THE CAPITOL.



THE GREATEST ITALIAN ARCHAEOLOGICAL ENTERPRISE OF THE LAST TEN YEARS, "SURPASSING IN HISTORICAL AND ARTISTIC IMPORTANCE THAT OF THE SAME WITH SOME OF THEIR COLUMNS RESTORED—(ABOVE) MODERN



PERIOD AT POMPEII": A PANORAMA OF THE EXCAVATIONS AT CYRENE, SHOWING THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO (RIGHT CENTRE) AND THE THERMÆ (LEFT CENTRE), ITALIAN FORTIFICATIONS ON THE ANCIENT ACROPOLIS.



FULLY EXPLORER FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE FOUNTAIN OF APOLLO—THE FAR END OF A NATURAL TUNNEL RUNNING 980 FT. INTO THE ROCK.



CARVED AND SCRATCHED WITH THE NAMES OF ANCIENT WORKMEN AND GREEK OR ROMAN VISITORS: A ROCK WALL IN THE TUNNEL RECENTLY EXPLORER.



WHERE MANY GREEK INSRIPTIONS AND GRAFFITI WERE DISCOVERED: A SECTION OF ROCK WALL IN THE TUNNEL UNDER THE ACROPOLIS.



SHOWING THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL THAT RUNS FAR INTO THE ROCK: THE FOUNTAIN OF APOLLO, AT THE TIME OF ITS RECENT EXPLORATION BY DR. OLIVERIO.

"The excavations at Cyrene," writes Professor Federico Halbherr, in sending us these new and remarkably fine photographs, with his interesting article on page 956, "are the greatest archaeological enterprise of the Italian Department of Archaeology in the past ten years, surpassing in historical and artistic importance the excavations of the same period at Pompeii itself. The photographs are exceptionally important, as they supply a general view of the principal excavations and restorations made up to the present, both in the ancient city itself and in its port at Apollonia. Peculiarly interesting are the photographs taken by artificial light, showing the interior of the Fountain of Apollo, a natural tunnel at the foot of the Acropolis, extending for some 980 ft. into the rock, and never entirely explored until the recent survey made by Dr. Oliverio, of the Italian archaeological station at Cyrene. He found many Greek

inscriptions and *graffiti* carved and scratched on the rock walls of the tunnel, and intends to publish a complete collection of them. They contain names of ancient workmen and visitors of Greek and Roman times." Cyrene was a great Greek colony in Northern Africa, situated on one of the finest sites in the world, on the edge of the upper of two terraces of table-land, 1800 ft. above the sea. It lay between Alexandria and Carthage, and was about eight miles inland from the coast and its port of Apollonia. The city was founded in B.C. 631 by colonists from the island of Thera, under Battus. The place took its name from the nymph Cyrene, who, according to legend, was carried off by Apollo from Mount Pelion to Libya. Cyrene was the birthplace of Callimachus, the Alexandrine grammarian and poet; his pupil Eratosthenes, the geographer; and Aristippus, founder of the Cyrenaic school of hedonistic philosophy.

# THE RESURRECTION OF CYRENE:

## A GREAT ARCHÆOLOGICAL WORK IN NORTHERN AFRICA.

*By PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR, of Rome, the Well-Known Archaeologist.*

THE excavations carried on by the Italian Department of Colonial Archaeology on the site of Cyrene since the discovery of the famous Venus and of the other masterpieces, which formed a kind of Sculpture Gallery in the central room of the Thermæ, are now so far advanced as to enable us to view the two most monumental quarters of the city in a condition almost the same as, or even better than, that in which they were left after the terrible earthquake at the end of the fourth century A.D. The chief monuments on the platform of the Fountain of Apollo and on that of the Acropolis have not only been entirely laid bare, but some of them have also been restored by resetting in their proper places the best-preserved fragments brought to light by the spade. The principal task undertaken by the Superintendent at Cyrene, Dr. Ghislanzoni, has been the resuscitation of the ancient city. Under his direction the columns of the Frigidarium (or Cold Bath) in the Thermæ, some of those of the Temple of Apollo, and two of the huge columns of the Capitol have been again raised on their bases and stylobates; while the shrine of Artemis, the Iseum near the Temple of Apollo, and the Great Altar of the Agora have been reconstructed. At the same time, at Apollonia, the seaport of Cyrene, the imposing Corinthian colonnade of the Christian Basilica, which had been entirely thrown down in pieces, has been re-erected.

This noble church, which was a heap of ruins before its excavation, and to-day towers again on the seashore over the remains of the ancient town, rivals in antiquity the Basilica of Ptolemais, now Tolmeta,



ONE OF THE FINEST SCULPTURES FOUND IN THE THERMÆ AT CYRENE: A HEADLESS STATUE OF A DANCING GIRL.



PROBABLY A HELLENISTIC OR ROMAN COPY OF AN ANCIENT GREEK ORIGINAL: ONE OF VARIOUS STATUES OF HERMES FOUND AT CYRENE.

primitive quarters; preceded on the same spot by an earlier swarm of Greek Vikings, who, according to modern scholars, probably attempted the first survey of the Libyan highlands in the very beginning of the first millennium B.C. Greek history hardly reaches such far-off dates, but early legend places, on the slope watered by the spring of Ain Shahat, the Gardens of Aphrodite. Here the Goddess of Love graciously welcomed the divine couple, Apollo and Cyrene—the charming huntress-nymph whom he had ravished

from Thessaly—when, on a golden coach driven by swans, they arrived on the African coast. In less remote times, here was shown the *temenos* and first Temple of Venus; and not far from it were the shrine of the nymph Cyrene herself and the Temple of Castor and Pollux. But the most prominent part of the platform was occupied by the great Temple of Apollo. From this point started the wide paved road—the *skyrota hodos* mentioned by Pindar—which united the temple yard to the Acropolis, and ended in front of the Grave of Battus, in the middle of the Agora. This way—made for the famous processions of the Carnean festivals, and over which ran, amid the triumphal songs, the chariots of the Cyrenæan winners in the public games of Greece—has been discovered by the excavations: it showed two superposed pavements of large slabs, a later and an earlier one, as its level had been raised more than once in the course of time. But no other of the earlier buildings is visible, except

the Temple of Apollo, which, however, in its present form, is not the primitive one, but only a colossal reconstruction of imperial Roman times.

It was known by Polyænus, as pointed out by Dr. Ghislanzoni, that the ancient topography of the central quarters of Cyrene underwent great alterations—an unavoidable fact in a large, densely inhabited town which has had more than a millennium of life. The city laid bare by the present excavations is the Hellenistic one, with its elegant buildings and costly works of art, enlarged in progress of time and modified by the Romans with the addition of those huge luxurious constructions which were the characteristic of Roman architecture, and formed the most conspicuous manifestation of power during the great imperial days. The exploration of the lower strata in order to find, if preserved, the remains of the early Theræan settlement, is to be postponed to a later stage of the excavations.

The Temple of Apollo, now entirely cleared up and isolated, shows on the drums of some of its columns inscriptions in honour of those personages who, in the time of the Antonini, contributed to its reconstruction. It seems, however, that it was never finished, as no sculptures of the pediments were found during the diggings. But it may be that groups of figures were simply painted on the slabs of the background, or else, as Dr. Ghislanzoni is inclined to think, on boards fastened to it.

The temple was surrounded by minor shrines and altars. A small temple of Isis, or Iseum, dating from Hadrian's time—and restored, according to the inscription, under Marcus Aurelius or Caracalla—and a temple of Artemis, or Artemisium, occupy the spaces to the north and south-west. At the south corner of the platform was laid bare an area dotted with numerous open-air altars—some of them of the fourth century B.C.—bearing the names of the gods to whom they were dedicated. By the reconstruction of the Iseum and the Artemisium, the aspect of the monumental esplanade with the Temple of Apollo in the centre, the Thermæ beyond it, and the Necropolis in the farther background, has become a very

magnificent one. The works of sculpture gathered in these excavations are plentiful. They include a colossal statue of Apollo Cithareodus, a statue of Diana in the costume of a huntress, a fine head of a similar Diana; in the Iseum, a statue of Isis with the child Harpocrates in her arms, a fine Hellenistic head of a young lady, a statue of a Roman matron in the costume of an Isiac priestess, with others; and, in a special chamber near the ruins of a portico, a seated Apollo Cithareodus (Harp-player) of smaller size, still in position.

It has been observed that many of the statues found at Cyrene show ancient restorations, apparently made in a great hurry. These restorations are explained by the fact that, during the terrible Jewish insurrection under the reign of Trajan, the city remained for some time in the hands of the Hebrews. These men—by nature and religion iconoclasts—had certainly overturned and broken the greater number of statues, regarded by them without distinction as idols. An allusion to such an event seems to be contained in an inscription, in which mention is made of the repairs made by the Emperor Hadrian to the buildings of Cyrene and of new statues with which he adorned the city.

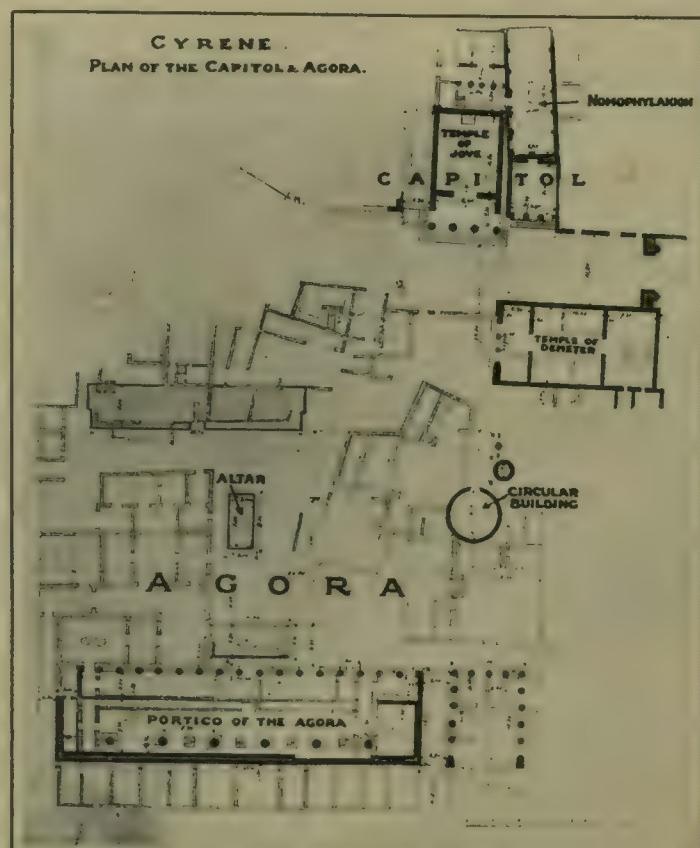
From the great Thermæ some further pieces of sculpture were brought to light; but most important of all are the epigraphical discoveries made amidst the remains of a late Byzantine bath-establishment, which had supplanted the ancient Thermæ after their destruction in about the fifth or sixth century A.D. Several of the slabs, bases, and other ancient stones, which had been taken from the surrounding

monuments to form its pavements, preserve, inscribed on their faces, the most important documents of the history and administration of Cyrene yet found; such as a cippus with the religious laws of the city; another one, containing the Cyrenæan constitution of the middle

[Continued on page 980.]



FOUND DURING THE NEW EXCAVATIONS AT CYRENE: A YOUNG SATYR, FROM THE THERMÆ.



WHERE THE MOST IMPORTANT WORK OF THE LAST TEN YEARS HAS BEEN DONE BY THE ITALIAN DEPARTMENT OF ARCHÆOLOGY  
CYRENE—A PLAN OF THE ANCIENT CITY.

Illustrations by Courtesy of Professor Federico Halbherr and the Italian Department of Colonial Archaeology.

## A GREAT ART ALMOST UNKNOWN TO EUROPE: CHINESE LACQUER.

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SPINK AND SON, LTD.



LACQUER FROM THE IMPERIAL WORKSHOPS AT PEKING: A MAGNIFICENT SCREEN MADE FOR A CHINESE EMPEROR, INSCRIBED WITH EULOGIES OF TWO AGED CITIZENS, WITH A "DRAGON" CHAIR AND TWO CEREMONIAL STANDS.

These magnificent examples of Chinese lacquer, described by Lieut.-Colonel E. F. Strange in his article on page 972 of this number, are the most remarkable examples in the exhibition of lacquer now on view in the galleries of Messrs. Spink and Sons, at 7, King Street, St. James's. Two other specimens are illustrated in colour on page 958. Colonel Strange points out that the masterpieces of the Chinese lacquerers, beloved of the Emperors, have remained almost unknown to Europe,

and suggests that some private donor should take the opportunity to acquire these unequalled pieces to add to the national collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum. He also gives an interesting account of the process of making lacquer. The great screen shown here was of the type that stood behind the Emperor's throne. Its inscription records the virtues of two aged citizens "in whose houses five generations dwell together." The chair is decorated with the Imperial dragon.

## SCENERY TRANSLATED INTO PERFECT DECORATION: CHINESE LACQUER.

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SPINK AND SONS, LTD.



OF A KIND USED IN CHINA DURING THE REIGN OF CH'EN LUNG: A LARGE DECORATIVE PANEL CARVED IN LACQUER AS A LANDSCAPE REPRESENTING BUILDINGS IN A ROCKY AND WOODED REGION BESIDE A RIVER.



WITH LAYERS OF LACQUER ARRANGED IN ORDER ACCORDING TO THE COLOUR SCHEME, AND CARVED WITH AMAZING ACCURACY TO THE PRECISE DEPTH FOR EACH COLOUR: ANOTHER DECORATIVE PANEL OF SIMILAR TYPE.

The Chinese method of carving lacquer in two, three, or four colours is explained fully in Lieut.-Colonel E. F. Strange's article on page 972. The lacquer was laid on in layers of different colours, and then the carver cut his design with a sharp, knife-edged tool, reaching the required depth for each colour with amazing accuracy, for mistakes could not be corrected. "Carved lacquer," says Colonel Strange, "was used effectively during the reign of Ch'ien Lung in the form of large decorative panels. . . . This class of work is not yet repre-

sented in the national collections. The present exhibition (at Messrs. Spink's), however, includes two fine panels of pure landscape, now reproduced, each representing buildings . . . in rocky and thickly wooded country on the banks of a river. When one has accepted the Chinese convention, the results are extraordinarily good. That convention has the great merit that it translates nature's scenery into perfect decoration, free from realism and yet retaining the charm of a natural scene."

## WELCOMED MILDLY: PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG'S ENTRY INTO BERLIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL PRESS.



THE UNSMILING PRESIDENT: THE CHANCELLOR'S DAUGHTER RECITES AND PRESENTS A BOUQUET TO FIELD-MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG ON HIS ARRIVAL.



ABOUT TO DRIVE TO THE CHANCELLOR'S PALACE, AT WHICH THERE WAS A CEREMONY OF WELCOME: PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG ENTERING HIS CAR AT THE STATION.



EMPHASISING THE FACT THAT IT WAS LARGELY DUE TO THE FEMININE VOTE THAT THE NEW PRESIDENT WAS ELECTED: WOMEN OF A SPARSE CROWD WELCOMING THE PRESIDENT.

Field-Marshal Von Hindenburg, war idol and the new German President, made his formal entry into Berlin late on the afternoon of Monday, May 11. He arrived at the Heerstrasse Station, which is on the western outskirts of the city, just before six, and it was immediately noted that he was wearing civilian dress. He was received by Dr. Luther, the Chancellor, whose ten-year-old daughter, after reciting a verse, presented a bouquet of yellow roses. President Von



WITH THE CHANCELLOR, DR. LUTHER, WALKING ON HIS LEFT: PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG ON HIS ARRIVAL AT BERLIN.

Hindenburg then entered a motor-car and drove to the Wilhelmstrasse, escorted by aeroplanes and by police on motor-cycles. Various patriotic societies welcomed him as he went, but there was no very great public excitement. At the Brandenburg Gate squadrons of mounted police joined the procession. The crowd was fairly dense in parts, but distinctly thin in others. The President took the oath of the Republican Constitution in the Reichstag on May 12.

## FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE, PHOTOPRESS, CAMPBELL-GRAY, CENTRAL PRESS, AND I.B.



COMMENORATING NEARLY 14,000 MEN KILLED IN THE WAR: THE MACHINE-GUN CORPS MEMORIAL—  
THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT PERFORMING THE UNVEILING CEREMONY.



A GORILLA ON A LEAD LIKE A DOG IN LONDON: JOHN  
DANIEL II. WITH HIS OWNER, MISS ALYSE CUNNINGHAM,  
ON THE WAY TO THE "ZOO."



A BUTTER STATUE OF A FAMOUS CRICKETER AT WEMBLEY: A TEST MATCH GROUP, REPRESENTING HOBBS (BATTING) JUST AFTER BEING BOWLED, AND MADE  
ENTIRELY OF BUTTER, EXHIBITED IN THE AUSTRALIAN PAVILION—A COUNTERPART TO THE CANADIAN BUTTER STATUE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.



THE LYING-IN-STATE OF LORD LEVERHULME: THE COFFIN RESTING AMID BANKS  
OF WREATHS IN THE LADY LEVER ART GALLERY.

On May 10 the Duke of Connaught unveiled, in Grosvenor Place, the War Memorial of the Machine-Gun Corps (now disbanded), which contained some 11,500 officers and 159,000 other ranks. Of these 1120 officers and 12,671 other ranks were killed, while 2881 officers and 43,377 other ranks were wounded, missing, or prisoners of war. The Chaplain-General of the Forces, the Rev. A. C. E. Jarvis, dedicated the Memorial, which consists of a bronze figure of David on a pedestal, both designed by Professor F. Derwent Wood, R.A.—John Daniel II., the five-year-old gorilla shown above with his owner, Miss Alyse Cunningham, has lately been taken daily to the "Zoo" to remain in an outdoor cage until his return home in the evening. He is used to human company, and if left alone might mope to death. His famous predecessor,



THE FUNERAL OF LORD LEVERHULME: THE COFFIN BORNE INTO THE VAULT AT  
CHRIST CHURCH BY MEMBERS OF THE FIRE BRIGADE AND BOAT CAPTAINS.

John Daniel I., died in New York in 1921. Our issue of November 18, 1922 contained a photograph of John Daniel I. and several of a young gorilla named Chula, then recently caught in West Africa, and also the property of Miss Cunningham.—Australia has followed the example of Canada in exhibiting a tableau of butter statuary at Wembley. This year's Canadian group is illustrated in colour on page 968. The funeral of the late Lord Leverhulme took place on May 11 at Port Sunlight, where 15,000 people lined the route to Christ Church. On the previous day the oak coffin, inscribed "William Hesketh, Viscount Leverhulme, at rest 7th May, 1925," lay in state in the Lady Lever Art Gallery, which he presented to Port Sunlight in memory of his wife. After the funeral it was placed beside hers in the vault.

## DISTINGUISHED CAREERS ENDED: A HEAVY WEEK'S OBITUARY.

CAMERA PORTRAITS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, VANDYK, C. A. EALAND, AND HUGH CECIL.



A GREAT LANDOWNER, SPORTSMAN, AND NATURALIST: THE LATE DUKE OF RUTLAND, LORD LIEUTENANT OF LEICESTERSHIRE AND EX-M.P.



PRIME MINISTER OF NEW ZEALAND FOR TWELVE YEARS AND A PROMINENT FIGURE AT FIVE IMPERIAL CONFERENCES: THE LATE MR. W. F. MASSEY



VICTOR OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS, AND PROMINENT IN RESTORING NELSON'S "VICTORY": THE LATE ADMIRAL-OF-THE-FLEET SIR DOVETON STURDEE.



FOUNDER OF A GREAT SOAP-MAKING ENTERPRISE AND MODEL COMMUNITY, AND MUNIFICENT PUBLIC BEFACITOR: THE LATE LORD LEVERHULME.

The eighth Duke of Rutland, who was born in 1852 and succeeded his father in 1906, was the owner of Belvoir Castle and estates once covering 60,000 acres. Last September they were formed into a company called Belvoir Estates, Ltd. As Lord Henry Manners he was private secretary to the great Lord Salisbury, and afterwards sat as M.P. for Melton for seven years. Since 1908 he had been President of the Leicestershire Territorial Association.—Mr. W. F. Massey, was born near Londonderry in 1856, and was proud of being an Ulsterman. He followed his parents to New Zealand in 1870, and was engaged in farming until he was elected to the House of Representatives in 1894. After nine years as Leader of the Opposition, he first became Premier in 1912. When the war

broke out he cabled home: "All we have and all we are is at the service of the King."—Sir Doveton Sturdee will live in history as the destroyer of the German squadron under Von Spee at the Battle of the Falkland Islands in 1916. Since the war he had been Commander-in-Chief at the Nore. As President of the Society for Nautical Research, he led with enthusiasm the movement for the restoration of the "Victory."—Lord Leverhulme, who was born at Bolton, Lancashire, in 1851, the son of a grocer, was an outstanding example of a self-made "captain of industry." A wonderful organiser, he created the great soap-making business and model community at Port Sunlight. He was a munificent benefactor of art and of many public institutions, including Liverpool University.

## A WAR WARNING AS AN ENTERTAINMENT AT WEMBLEY: "LONDON DEFENDED"—A REALISTIC AIR RAID ON THE STADIUM.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



WITH ILLUMINATED AEROPLANES RAIDING OVERHEAD, ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS IN ACTION, AND THE FIRE BRIGADE AT WORK ON A BURNING BUILDING:  
A SPECTACULAR NIGHT DISPLAY IN THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY.

The Government's Stadium Display Committee are responsible for the organisation of a very fine spectacle which occurs every evening at the new Wembley Exhibition. Displays are given by H.M. Forces, the Metropolitan Police, and the London Fire Brigade. Events after darkness are illuminated by searchlights and torches. After various "numbers" including displays of marching and counter-marching, singing, massed bands, and so on, and an exhibition of aerial aerobatics by machines of the Royal Air Force, an "enemy" squadron approaches the Stadium, and, flying low, drops bombs with accuracy on the building

shown on the right of the drawing in a realistic attack. A burst of orange flame results, and a crescendo of excitement is reached when engines of the London Fire Brigade, after dashing at high speed round the arena, proceed to spray the now furiously burning building with many jets of water, whilst the Anti-Aircraft Corps, with motor lorries, on each of which a high-angle gun is mounted, fire rapidly at the aerial attackers, now brilliantly illuminated against the black sky by many searchlights. The enemy is beaten off and the flames are mastered.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

## THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE GOLD COAST AND

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS

## NIGERIA: PICTURESQUE WEST AFRICAN PAGEANTRY.

SUPPLIED BY C.N.



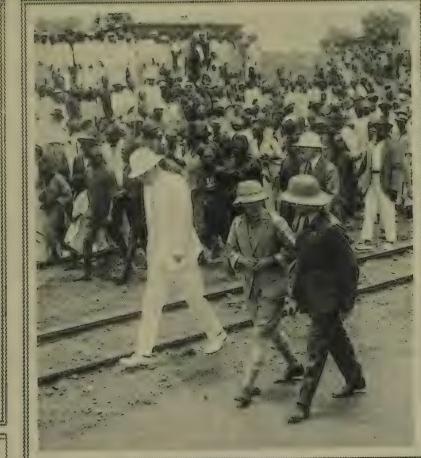
THE PRINCE AMUSED BY A CROCODILE-HEADED MEDICINE MAN FROM THE VOLTA TERRITORY: AN INCIDENT OF THE PALAVER AT ACCRA.



WITH HIS ROYAL "UMBRELLA" HELD OVER HIS HEAD BY AN ATTENDANT: A CROWNED CHIEF AT THE ACCRA PALAVER, IN THE GOLD COAST, BEING RECEIVED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.



AT THE GREAT NIGERIAN TOWN OF KANO, PROTOTYPE OF THE WEST AFRICAN WALLED CITY AT WEMBLEY: THE PRINCE AND SIR HUGH CLIFFORD IN A CROSSLEY CAR ABOUT TO ENTER THE NASSARAWA GATE.



TAKING A LITTLE EXERCISE DURING THE 700-MILE JOURNEY FROM KANO BACK TO LAGOS: THE PRINCE WALKING ALONG THE RAILWAY.



ASSEMBLED TO GREET THE PRINCE DURING A HALT ON THE RAILWAY JOURNEY FROM KANO TO LAGOS: NIGERIANS 'BESIDE THE LINE AT ARO.'



IN A CURIOUS POINTED CAP, WITH A STUDDED ROBE. THE CHIEF OF OYO WITH HIS RETINUE



MURMURING ("BAMKA DA ZUWA") ("HAIL AND BOWING BEFORE THE ROYAL



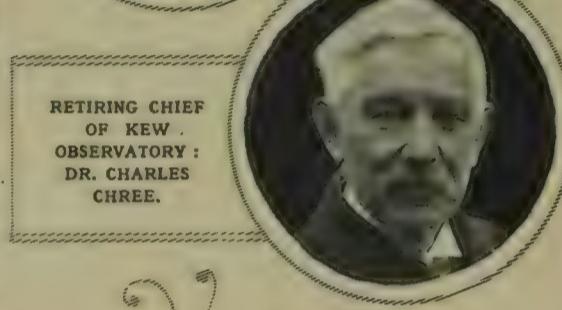
WHERE THE ALAKE OF ABEOKUTA, MOTORING HURRIEDLY BACK FROM IBADAN, HAD PREPARED A SURPRISE WELCOME FOR THE PRINCE: THE SCENE AT ARO STATION.

After spending Good Friday at Kumasi, the capital of Ashanti, the Prince of Wales travelled next day by train and motor-car to Accra, the capital of the Gold Coast. On the 13th (Easter Monday) he was present at a great Palaver of forty native chiefs at Accra. Each chief had his "umbrella," a large and resplendent canopy of rich silks and hangings. Some of the chiefs were attended by medicine men disguised as crocodiles. These came from the Volta region, where the crocodile is regarded as an important fetish, whose duty it is to provide transport across rivers to friendly warriors in time of war. Other chiefs were enveloped in gold brocade, their arms and fingers stiff with heavy gold armlets and rings. The Prince left Accra for Nigeria on the 14th. A slight outbreak of plague at Lagos caused an alteration of plans, and instead of landing on Lagos Island, as originally arranged, he came ashore from the "Repulse" at Iddo, on the mainland opposite, and at once took train for Kano, 700 miles inland. The train to Kano passed through the lonely Nupe

bush land, and at every inhabited spot the natives knelt beside the line opposite the royal coach and murmured "Bamka da Zuwa" ("Hail on your coming"). During the journey the Prince drove the engine for 23 miles, and received 10d. as engine-driver's pay. On the 17th, accompanied by Sir Hugh Clifford, Governor of Nigeria, he reached Kano, which is the prototype of the red-walled West African city at Wembley. At Kano on April 18 there was held a great Durbar of Nigerian chiefs, and a huge procession including some 20,000 riders. A line of horsemen charged and drew rein abruptly just in front of the royal stand. At midnight the Prince started on his way back to Lagos. On the way, at Ibadan, he attended a great gathering of the Yorubas of Southern Nigeria, whose chief ruler is the Alakin of Oyo. Another stop was made at Aro, where the Alake of Abeokuta, motoring hurriedly back from Ibadan, prepared a surprise welcome for the Prince on his own territory. On April 22 the Prince left Lagos in the "Repulse" for Cape Town.

## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, BASSANO, I.N.A., "DAILY MAIL," P. AND A., TOPICAL, LAFAYETTE (MANCHESTER), LAFAYETTE (LONDON), AND ELLIOTT AND FRY.

NEW CHIEF  
OF KEW  
OBSERVATORY:  
MR. F. J. W.  
WHIPPLE.AN INIMITABLE  
COMEDIAN:  
THE LATE  
MR. ALFRED  
LESTER.A NOTABLE  
CONVERT FROM  
COMMUNISM:  
MR. J. T. W.  
NEWBOLD.THE NEW DUKE OF RUTLAND: THE MARQUESS  
OF GRANBY.ARCHITECT OF  
THE NEW BANK  
OF ENGLAND:  
MR. HERBERT  
BAKER, A.R.A.THE ATTORNEY-  
GENERAL'S LOSS:  
THE LATE  
LADY HOGG.RETIRING CHIEF  
OF KEW  
OBSERVATORY:  
DR. CHARLES  
CHREE.A NEW JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT:  
MR. A. D. BATESON, K.C.THE NEW DUCHESS OF RUTLAND: THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY, WITH  
HER SON, LORD ROOS OF BELVOIR (NOW MARQUESS OF GRANBY).THE NEW LORD LEVERHULME:  
THE HON. WILLIAM HULME LEVER.NEW JUDGE OF MANCHESTER COUNTY  
COURT: MR. T. B. LEIGH.A NOTABLE DYE INDUSTRY APPOINT-  
MENT: DR. E. F. ARMSTRONG.NEW COMMISSIONER, CHURCH OF  
SCOTLAND: LORD ELGIN.

Mr. F. J. W. Whipple has been head of the British Rainfall Organisation, Meteorological Office. His father preceded Dr. Charles Chree as Superintendent of Kew Observatory, to which post Mr. Whipple now succeeds. Dr. Chree, who has retired after thirty-two years, is a leading authority on geophysics.—Mr. Alfred Lester, the popular comedian and character actor, died in Madrid on May 6, aged fifty. In 1905 he sprang into fame as the lugubrious scene-shifter in a monologue at the Palace.—Mr. J. T. W. Newbold, formerly Communist M.P. for Motherwell, and nicknamed "M.P. for Moscow," has seceded from the Communist Party.—The Marquess of Granby, now Duke of Rutland, has been Hon. Attaché to the Embassy at Rome. His wife is a daughter of Mr. Frank Tennant, brother of the late Lord Glenconner and of Lady Oxford and Asquith.—

Mr. Herbert Baker collaborated with Sir Edwin Lutyens in designing the new capital at Delhi.—Lady Hogg, wife of Sir Douglas Hogg, Attorney-General, died suddenly on May 10.—Mr. A. D. Bateson, the new Judge in the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, was called to the Bar in 1891.—The Hon. W. H. Lever, now Lord Leverhulme, is the late Peer's only child. He was born in 1888, and is acting chairman of Lever Brothers, Ltd.—Mr. T. B. Leigh has been Recorder of Burnley since 1921.—Dr. E. F. Armstrong denied a report that his new post (Managing Director, British Dye-Stuffs Corporation) is worth £10,000 a year.—The Earl of Elgin has become Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.—Sir Isidore Spielmann had for thirty years given his services free in organising important art exhibitions.

## SEDATE MODERN DINERS ON A SITE OF OLD-TIME REVELRY.

FROM THE PICTURE BY CHESLEY BONESTELL. (COPYRIGHTED.)



TWENTIETH-CENTURY SOCIETY DINES DECOROUSLY WHERE ONCE STOOD A HAUNT OF ROYSTERERS  
IN THE "SEVENTIES": A LOUIS QUATORZE SETTING AT THE TROCADERO.

Among the many changes that London has seen, in the last thirty years or so, has been the transformation of old haunts of wild revelry into modern palaces of entertainment of a type highly decorous though never dull. Thus, on the site of the Trocadero, which has just undergone its fifth metamorphosis in decoration since it was established as a restaurant in 1896, there stood formerly the Argyll Rooms, which was a haunt of roysterers in the seventies

of last century. "Here indeed," writes Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in some reminiscences of those days, "was to be found what youth considered the dazzling splendour of amusement. Every night bands of young men and young women gathered there, and for hours they danced till early in the morning. . . . Time and fashions changed; London became sedater; the all-night public-house disappeared; the Argyll became impossible."

## THE PRINCE OF WALES IN BUTTER: NEW AND OLD WEMBLEY TABLEAUX.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL GRAY AND



BUTTER AS A SCULPTOR'S MEDIUM FOR ROYAL PORTRAITURE: THE MODEL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES OUTSIDE HIS RANCH, MADE ENTIRELY OF CANADIAN BUTTER, SHOWN IN THE "CANADA" PAVILION IN LAST YEAR'S EXHIBITION AT WEMBLEY.



THE Canadian Pavilion at Wembley this year again contains a remarkable example of butter statuary, with the Prince of Wales as the central figure. In the group shown last year he was represented standing, with his horse, outside his ranch in Alberta, the buildings of which were accurately modelled. The central portion of the tableau is seen in the upper illustration on this page. In the new butter tableau exhibited

[Continued opposite.]



THE NEW BUTTER MODEL OF THE PRINCE AS A RED INDIAN CHIEF, IN THIS YEAR'S WEMBLEY: H.R.H. AS "MORNING STAR," OF THE STONY INDIANS, IN THE CANADIAN PAVILION.

*Continued.* this year, the central part of which is shown here in the lower photograph, the Prince appears in his picturesque costume as the chief, "Morning Star," of the Stony Indians. He is the seated figure. The butter in these exhibits is kept in condition by means of a refrigerating plant worked by two mechanics. The Alberta model was made by Mr. George D. Kent and Mr. Beauchamp Hawkins, sculptors to the Canadian Government Commission.

**PERSONAL PORTRAITS—BY WALTER TITTLE.**  
**REBECCA WEST.**

ON my arrival at a house in London in time for the unfailing rite of afternoon tea, my hostess handed me about from one guest to another, being of the present-day majority who believe in promoting sociability by general introductions, in contrast to the almost extinct custom of allowing the stranger within the gates to retain that lonely status. As was usual in her gatherings, there was a sprinkling of literary personalities, and I followed her about, hearing in the pervading chatter about half of the names that she uttered, and, true to one of my most persistent weaknesses, forgetting immediately nearly all of them. I paused for a few minutes of conversation with a young lady who proved immediately that it was not for nothing that her handsome black eyes possessed so great a suggestion of humour and alert intelligence. A graceful wit adorned her utterances, and, after completing the circle of guests, I found myself demanding of my hostess that she refresh my poor memory with the name of this dark lady. It proved to be among those that I had not heard in our little pilgrimage, otherwise it would not have escaped me.

"That is Rebecca West," was the reply; "go and talk with her again. You will find her delightful."

The prophecy was fully realised for me then, and since that time for many Americans during her recent considerable visit to our country. Our paths did not cross in New York; as I remained abroad during the greater part of her sojourn, but on my return I heard glowing accounts of her from friends not only in the Metropolis, but in other localities; one being of her visit to Indianapolis, where an old friend of mine witnessed her exhausted arrival after an excess of effort in lecturing and resultant social activities, and was able to minister to her need of a bit of hospitality of a less active kind. But to return to England.

Several months later, being occupied with some portraits of literary women, I sent a letter to Miss West apprising her of my desire to add her to my collection. The reply was a bit slow in coming, but the foreign envelope, adorned with gorgeous Czechoslovakian stamps, explained the delay. She was at Marienbad, and, returning to England, would stop in London for a single day. She was so good as to reserve the afternoon of that day for me.

I found her in an attractive apartment in Queen's Gate Terrace. The interior was most successful in combining an effect of beauty with comfort. The walls were adorned with prints, and photographs of some prominent figures in the world of letters. After a preliminary cigarette and a bit of chat, my subject settled herself cosily on a large divan, her feet tucked under her, and her head silhouetted against one of several large cushions that I placed at her back.

She told me a bit about her literary beginnings. From an early age she held positions as a reviewer for several journals, contributing to the periodical Press in more creative fields as well. Her first large work was a book on Henry James, which was followed, at the end of the war, by "The Return of the



WALTER TITTLE'S PORTRAIT OF A DISTINGUISHED NOVELIST AND PUBLICIST: MISS REBECCA WEST.

Soldier." This excellent product was greeted by the abundant recognition it deserved, giving to its author a high place among the younger English writers. "The Judge" appeared during my last stay in England, and great was the praise that I heard accorded it by many of her important confrères. The place that she has taken in her profession is especially remarkable in view of her youth, the time being quite short since she arrived as a Christmas gift to her parents in County Kerry. Her Irish origin is delightfully evident in her features, as well as in her nimble and vivacious wit; and the visual result of this combination was a most intriguing one to pursue with my pencil.

Miss West's interest in America was evident early in our talk, and she was looking forward eagerly to her approaching visit to our shores. We drifted into comparisons of various aspects of the two countries and their inhabitants. We agreed that the average of beauty among American women is higher than among their English sisters, who have as a recompense a greater proportion of Adonises to adore in their male population than is the case in America. She said, in an aside, that a prevalent failing among Englishmen is their tendency not only to accept this adoration, but to expect it, be they handsome or not, as their due. Their plainer American brothers, on the other hand, do not consider themselves as a shrine at which women should worship, but give to woman the more desirable and comfortable position on the pedestal, preferring to do the worshipping themselves. Added to this, she said, the American man has a faculty for companionship with women that contrasts sharply with the average superior attitude of indulgence that has long been bred into the Englishman. I suggested that a good solution for equalising these social discrepancies of the two nations would be to send all of the Englishmen to America to be taken down a peg by our petted American women, allowing the

American male to come *en masse* to Albion for some much-needed spoiling. She replied that in her own case she intended to reverse this, and go to America for some spoiling herself.

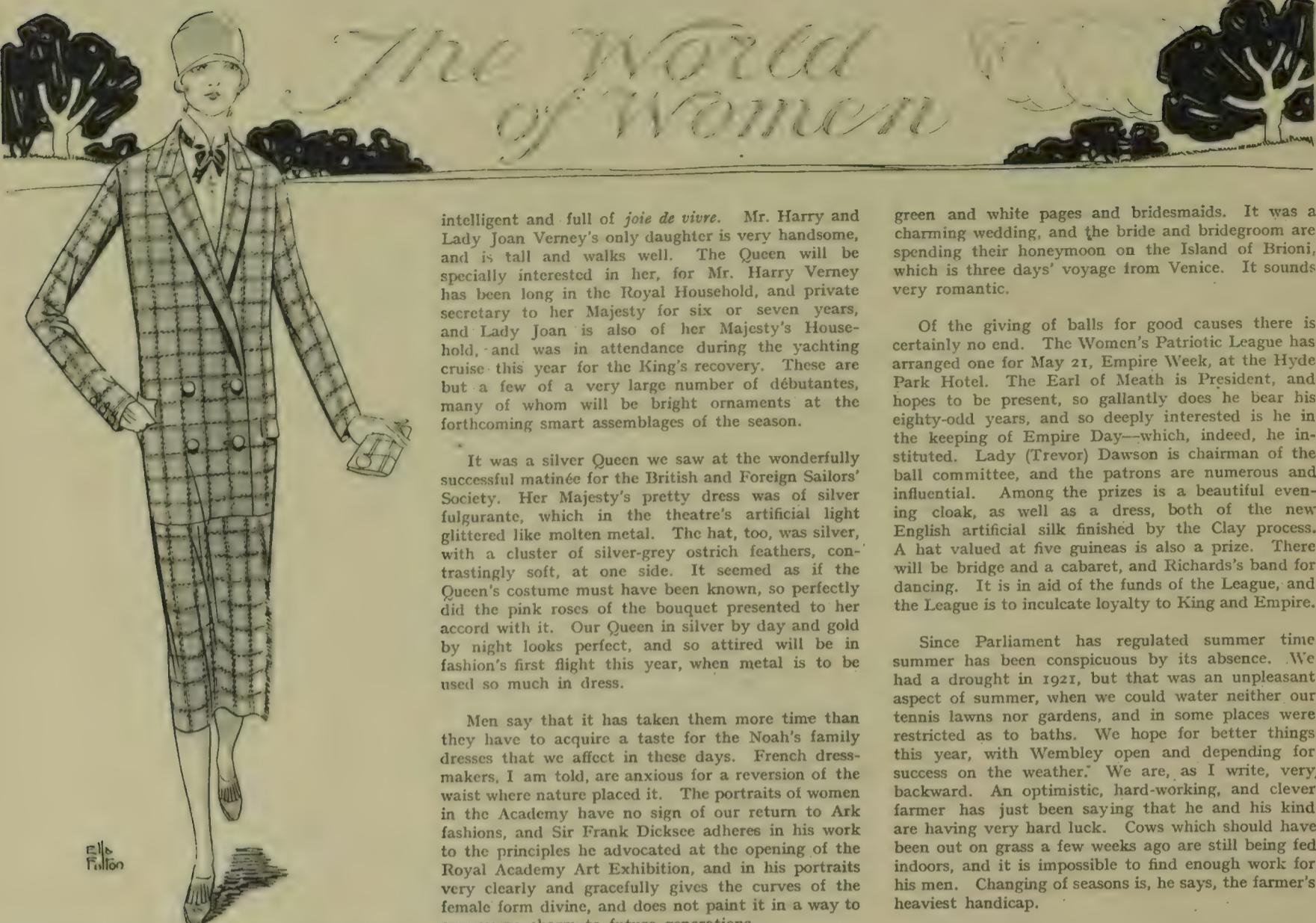
Returning to the subject of physical types, she asked me why, in my opinion, the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race had drifted so widely apart in appearance. Was it due entirely to the absorption of other races that have come to make their homes with us? I replied that, while this had had a considerable influence, I really believed it to be a minor factor, only, in the final result. Since America's beginnings England has done quite as much absorbing of other races as we have done so far—even more, perhaps. I have been told that since the Napoleonic wars England's population had increased from about fourteen millions to its present huge numbers, and this could not be achieved by reproduction alone. The soil and the air that had given to the Briton his stamp had had sufficient time to mark the comparative newcomers also; while with us the greatest foreign influx was recent. That the chemicals from our soil and the effect of our air and environment are slowly but surely stamping the entire race, is evident from the fact that our types are rapidly ap-

proaching those of the American Indian.

"Your Jews, even, come to look like Englishmen," I said; "ours will soon join the rest of the population in resembling that older product of our soil, the Red Indian."

In another comparison of the men of the two nations she criticised the Americans for an undue preoccupation with material success, while the Englishman, after the day's work, forgets about business and turns gladly to intellectual interests of other kinds that make of him a broader and more cultured individual. This, she contended, was because the older race had learned the value of a fuller life, and did not allow an undue striving for success to upset its balance. Granting the truth and importance of the comparison, I took exception to the reason to which she ascribed it. In a country as old and over-populated as England the chances for great individual success are so diminished that the average man may consider himself lucky to have employment, or a business of any kind; and often generations of the same family succeed each other thankfully in the same job, trade, or business. There is no hope of promotion except by the death of someone higher up, and vast difficulty in finding another position if the one in hand is abandoned. So the average Briton settles necessarily into his economic niche, glad that he has it, and aspiring no higher. At the end of his day he is glad to forget it and turn to other mental activities. The same will be true of America several centuries hence, when our population has reached saturation; but now, with undeveloped resources and the nation in the building, for any man of initiative any height of achievement and material success is possible. Quite natural, then, that they should strive for it, though it is to be lamented that they do so often at the sacrifice of intellectual broadening.

WALTER TITTLE.



This perfectly tailored coat and skirt for the country has been built of nigger Saxony suiting by the well-known firm of Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, W. (See page 982.)

**W**E are promised an exciting time over polo this season. The American Army team is with us, and those who know say that we may win from them. In any event, the very best steps are being taken to secure the very best team against them, and if they beat it the British Army is far too sportsman-like to grudge them their victory. The Jodhpur team is also here, and they have carried all before them in India. The American team are to be entertained at a banquet and a ball at Hurlingham—the latter on June 30—and there will be much military entertaining for them. So far, our sex has not seriously invaded the polo playing grounds, but remain a very critical and discriminating part of the spectators.

Pretty girls—really pretty without the aid of hare's feet, lip-stick, or pencils—will assuredly be a feature of the coming season. Lady Beauchamp will have another pretty girl to take out as well as Lady Lettice Lygon, who is delightfully pretty, and also very graceful with her more than common height. Lady Sibell, not so tall, is also a beauty. Her cousin, Lady Dorothy Ashley Cooper, will join her elder sister, Lady Mary Ashley Cooper, another pretty girl. Lord Haig had with him at the Academy Private View his eldest daughter, Lady Alexandra Haig. She is neat, and has a lovely bright yet flower-like face like her aunt Alexandra Lady Worsley, vividly

intelligent and full of *joie de vivre*. Mr. Harry and Lady Joan Verney's only daughter is very handsome, and is tall and walks well. The Queen will be specially interested in her, for Mr. Harry Verney has been long in the Royal Household, and private secretary to her Majesty for six or seven years, and Lady Joan is also of her Majesty's Household, and was in attendance during the yachting cruise this year for the King's recovery. These are but a few of a very large number of débutantes, many of whom will be bright ornaments at the forthcoming smart assemblages of the season.

It was a silver Queen we saw at the wonderfully successful matinée for the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. Her Majesty's pretty dress was of silver fulgurante, which in the theatre's artificial light glittered like molten metal. The hat, too, was silver, with a cluster of silver-grey ostrich feathers, contrastingly soft, at one side. It seemed as if the Queen's costume must have been known, so perfectly did the pink roses of the bouquet presented to her accord with it. Our Queen in silver by day and gold by night looks perfect, and so attired will be in fashion's first flight this year, when metal is to be used so much in dress.

Men say that it has taken them more time than they have to acquire a taste for the Noah's family dresses that we affect in these days. French dress-makers, I am told, are anxious for a reversion of the waist where nature placed it. The portraits of women in the Academy have no sign of our return to Ark fashions, and Sir Frank Dicksee adheres in his work to the principles he advocated at the opening of the Royal Academy Art Exhibition, and in his portraits very clearly and gracefully gives the curves of the female form divine, and does not paint it in a way to convey no charm to future generations.

There are few things to give fine effect at a wedding like troopers of a cavalry regiment and men of a Guards or Line regiment in the church. Mrs. de Klée was lucky in her guard, for it was of the R.H.G. Their gilded helmets with long crimson decorations—I do not know the technical name—and dark-blue and pure white uniforms were in fine contrast to the grey old interior of St. Margaret's, Westminster. In delightful contrast, too, to the dear, dainty little pale-

green and white pages and bridesmaids. It was a charming wedding, and the bride and bridegroom are spending their honeymoon on the Island of Brioni, which is three days' voyage from Venice. It sounds very romantic.

Of the giving of balls for good causes there is certainly no end. The Women's Patriotic League has arranged one for May 21, Empire Week, at the Hyde Park Hotel. The Earl of Meath is President, and hopes to be present, so gallantly does he bear his eighty-odd years, and so deeply interested is he in the keeping of Empire Day—which, indeed, he instituted. Lady (Trevor) Dawson is chairman of the ball committee, and the patrons are numerous and influential. Among the prizes is a beautiful evening cloak, as well as a dress, both of the new English artificial silk finished by the Clay process. A hat valued at five guineas is also a prize. There will be bridge and a cabaret, and Richards's band for dancing. It is in aid of the funds of the League, and the League is to inculcate loyalty to King and Empire.

Since Parliament has regulated summer time summer has been conspicuous by its absence. We had a drought in 1921, but that was an unpleasant aspect of summer, when we could water neither our tennis lawns nor gardens, and in some places were restricted as to baths. We hope for better things this year, with Wembley open and depending for success on the weather. We are, as I write, very backward. An optimistic, hard-working, and clever farmer has just been saying that he and his kind are having very hard luck. Cows which should have been out on grass a few weeks ago are still being fed indoors, and it is impossible to find enough work for his men. Changing of seasons is, he says, the farmer's heaviest handicap.

I hear that there has started a vogue for pendants, which have for some time been too little worn. Black opals are in request, and very beautiful they are; those with a red flash are the rarest and most beautiful. They are becoming scarce, for the Australian mines from whence alone they come are being worked out. A black opal set in diamonds makes a perfect pendant. Superstition sets these fascinating gems down as unlucky, but their exceeding beauty conquers superstition.

A. E. L.



A corner of one of the luxuriously fitted cubicles in the new Hairdressing Salon at Dickins and Jones's, Regent Street, W. The colour scheme is soft grey and jade; while the appointments include a lock-up jewellery drawer, a hat-stand and a silk-covered hanger for coats and wraps, as well as the latest apparatus and fittings. Outside is a comfortable lounge in which to wait. (See page 982.)

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## OLD CRAFT SERIES No. 8.

**PILLOW LACE-MAKING**

is first traced in an Italian deed of 1493, though the Flemings also claim its invention, perhaps through close relationship with Italy.

Belgium acquired early knowledge of the art, and brought it to perfection.

Pillow lace-making commenced at Honiton in Devonshire probably late in the 16th century when Flemish artisans were imported.

This lace, as trimming for the elegant dress of the period, was in great demand at both English and French courts, and entries of expenditure on bobbin lace and 'passemants' are found in some of the royal wardrobe accounts of the 16th and 17th centuries.

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## CHINESE LACQUER: A GREAT AND NEGLECTED ART.

By Lieut.-Col. E. F. Strange, Late Keeper of the Department of Woodwork, Victoria and Albert Museum.  
(SEE ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGES 957 AND 958.)

PROBABLY on account of its rarity and the difficulty of obtaining really good examples, Chinese lacquer has been curiously neglected by Europeans interested in the arts. And this is the more remarkable in view of the popularity enjoyed for centuries by the ceramic wares of China, and, in a less degree, by its bronzes and enamels. The vogue of porcelain and other china-ware in the West is easily to be explained. The art of the potter was already well understood, in its more elementary forms, when the growing trade with the Far East brought, to an audience already prepared to appreciate them, examples which, in respect of both technical and decorative qualities, far transcended anything with which it was acquainted. This development coincided very nearly with, and, indeed, probably influenced, the movement in the direction of the replacement by pottery of wood and metal in the manufacture of utensils for domestic use. European potters strove to emulate the achievements of their brethren in China; but the domination of the latter is indicated by nothing more clearly than the fact that they imposed the name of their country on the whole art. One cannot buy a tea-cup without giving tribute to this mastery.

It is far otherwise in the case of lacquer. We of the West had nothing resembling it. The process of its manufacture, so far as regards the carved lacquer of China, was utterly beyond the powers of our artisans, for lack not only of skill, but of material. The imitations of the period of Queen Anne and the eighteenth century provided, indeed, a pleasant substitute for the decorative lacquer of Japan, and, to some extent, for the class of cut lacquer of China called "Coromandel" work. But the masterpieces of the Chinese lacquers, the carved lacquer beloved of the Emperors, has remained almost unknown, except to a very few who have had acumen enough to interest themselves in it. How little that neglect is deserved can well be seen by the collections of the Victoria and Albert Museum; and the lesson is enforced by the remarkable series of fine specimens now brought together for exhibition at 7, King Street, St. James's, by Messrs. Spink and Son—the first public exhibition of its kind, we believe, to have been held in London.

Before passing to a review of some of the chief exhibits, it were well, perhaps, briefly to outline the

remarkable technical process which has produced them. It should first be clearly understood that the lacquer used is a purely vegetable substance, the sap of the *Rhus Vernicifera*, a tree indigenous to China, and perhaps to Japan—where, at all events, it has been cultivated since the seventh century of our era. The sap is extracted in much the same way as rubber, by gashes in the trunk of the tree; and after the elimination of physical impurities, and the removal of an excess of water by stirring in a mild heat, it is ready for use without further treatment. It has the property of hardening quickly on exposure to the atmosphere, and this process is curiously facilitated by the presence of damp. The Japanese put the newly lacquered article in a damp box to harden; the Chinese, sometimes, make use of a "cave" in the earth to obtain the same result.

When hardened, a matter of days or even weeks, lacquer can be worked up by rubbing it with whetstone, and finishing with fine burnt clay, deer-horn ashes, or similar substances, to a wonderfully brilliant polish, not inferior to that of fine porcelain glaze or enamel. It will then resist a considerable degree of heat, the action of salt-water or acids, or a good deal of hard wear and tear. Black lacquer is, however, liable to some deterioration of colour, if unduly exposed to strong light, when it is apt to turn brown; but Chinese red lacquer of good quality does not seem to suffer in this respect.

The basis of lacquer-ware is almost always a soft-grained wood—though occasional examples are found in which pewter or porcelain take the place of this material. Indeed, the present exhibition contains a rare and brilliant specimen of the latter (55), very finely carved, and with poems by the Emperor Ch'ien Lung, of which translations by Mr. Arthur Waley are given in the catalogue. In the more usual case of a wood basis, the wood is first worked to a fine, smooth surface, all inequalities made good, knots, etc., removed, and dressed with a composition of lacquer and rice-paste, which is allowed to harden and then ground smooth with whetstone. On this is laid another coat of lacquer mixed with burnt clay, which, when hardened, is again ground down, to receive a layer of hempen cloth. This is smoothed with a knife, a further dressing of lacquer composition given, and then coat after coat of pure lacquer applied until the required thickness is obtained. Each coat of lacquer, of about the dimensions of a coat of rather thin paint, has to be allowed to harden and is ground down and polished before the next is applied. It will be realised, therefore, that to obtain a thickness of even a quarter of an inch needs a very considerable

interval of time, inasmuch as upwards of three weeks is needed for every single application.

In the case of the two, three, or four colour lacquer, the layers have to be arranged in order with regard to the ultimate scheme of colouring; and not until the whole of the lacquer is well and truly laid and set does the work of the carver begin. He used a sharp, knife-edge tool with such amazing accuracy that, in the most complicated designs, he never seems to have failed exactly to reach the precise depth, and no more, needed to reveal the particular colour prescribed in the design. Errors could not be repaired. In short, and in plain language, it must be made clear that this carved lacquer is invariably a matter of cutting back from a surface and not of building up. Those who have any experience of modelling will at least understand and appreciate the wonderful technical skill involved.

In many ways, the most remarkable of the exhibits is the great screen (79) which forms the subject of one of our illustrations. The Chinese have always given to good lettering a high place among the Fine Arts, and no better example can well be imagined than this specimen of its execution in the art of lacquer. A screen of this kind always stood behind the Imperial Throne—such a throne as that presented by Mr. George Swift to the Victoria and Albert Museum. The throne would be in the place of the very interesting chair shown in the plate, flanked by ceremonial stands bearing incense-burners, or bowls of flowers or fruits of good omen.

It only remains now for some public-spirited donor to secure the screen and pair of stands for the nation, to provide South Kensington with a demonstration of the decorative qualities of Chinese lacquer such as could not be equalled in any other museum in the world. The average cost of a good painting by an old Dutch master would, probably, more than suffice. The inscription on the screen, a translation of which is, again, due to Mr. Arthur Waley's great and sympathetic knowledge of the subject, is given in the catalogue. From this we learn that it was made for the Emperor to commemorate the long life and notable virtues of two aged citizens, "in whose houses five generations dwell together." As the Emperor says—

In one case the head of a family has reached the stadium  
of a hundred;  
In the other a happy household is composed of five  
generations.  
By abstemious eating and well-mixed drinking the life  
of each has been multiplied by three,  
The husband ploughing, the wife weaving, the whole  
household has prospered.

*[Continued overleaf.]*



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*Continued.*  
The stands shown in the plate are of quite unusual and interesting form and carved in lacquer of three colours, with bold supports terminating in heads of the so-called phoenix (*feng*), which was the

Ming Dynasty, and a number of other exhibits, came from the Imperial workshops at Peking, which were reorganised and largely developed by the Emperors Kang Hsi and Ch'ien Lung. There were made, not only furniture for the palaces, but many objects for decorative or ceremonial use; such, for instance, as the two great vases at South Kensington which were part of the loot of the Summer Palace of Yuan Ming Yuan in 1860—that disastrous and unnecessary piece of vandalism. In these, the whole decoration is a wonderful pattern of Imperial dragons chasing sacred jewels amid the waves. In Messrs. Spink's table, the Imperial dragon and the phoenix with seven tail-feathers are displayed in conjunction with the sacred lotus, a design evidently appropriate to an Imperial marriage ceremony. Other Imperial furniture now shown includes a wall-mirror and a bedstead from the apartments of an Empress, and numerous smaller objects, such as hat-stands, a jewel-casket in shape of a state carriage, and, especially, a long box in three-colour lacquer, containing an exquisitely executed scroll, 90 ft. in length, depicting a Review of the Imperial Cadets in 1747.

Carved lacquer was used effectively during the reign of Ch'ien Lung, in the form of large decorative panels. That Emperor had several made to record some of his victories over Formosan and other rebels, but this class of work is not yet represented in the national collections. The present exhibition, however, includes two fine panels of pure landscape, now reproduced, each representing buildings of considerable importance, in the rocky and thickly wooded country on the banks of a river. When one has accepted the Chinese convention, the results are extraordinarily good. That convention has the great merit that it translates natural scenery into perfect decoration, free from realism, and yet retaining the charm of a natural scene. As a specimen of pattern-designing from a similar source, reference may be made to another table shown by Messrs. Spink (80), decorated throughout with an interlacing pattern of squirrels and grape-vines of great charm—a piece of practical ornament which ought to be placed where it can be referred to by students of design.

In conclusion one would desire to pay a tribute to the enterprise which has brought so remarkable a collection before the public. It is complementary to, and should be studied with, that at South Kensington, where several of the outstanding specimens should ultimately find a home. This can only be done by the generosity of private donors; for the small funds available for the Department concerned

of the Victoria and Albert Museum are, rightly, earmarked for the strengthening of the collections of English Furniture. But this great art of the Chinese is so valuable from the point of view of design and so interesting from that of technique, that it may well be recommended to those who can afford to help an institution whose means fall far short of its needs.



PAINTED FOR THE GRAND LODGE OF FREEMASONS: "THE RIGHT HON. LORD AMPHILL, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.", BY SIR ARTHUR S. COPE, R.A., IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

special emblem of the Empress. The chief motive of decoration of the chair standing between them is the five-clawed dragon, the symbol sacred to the Emperor. There is no doubt that these pieces, as well as the superb table in Messrs. Spink's exhibition (18), which is attributed to the later period of the



"SIR IAN MALCOLM": A PORTRAIT BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A., IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

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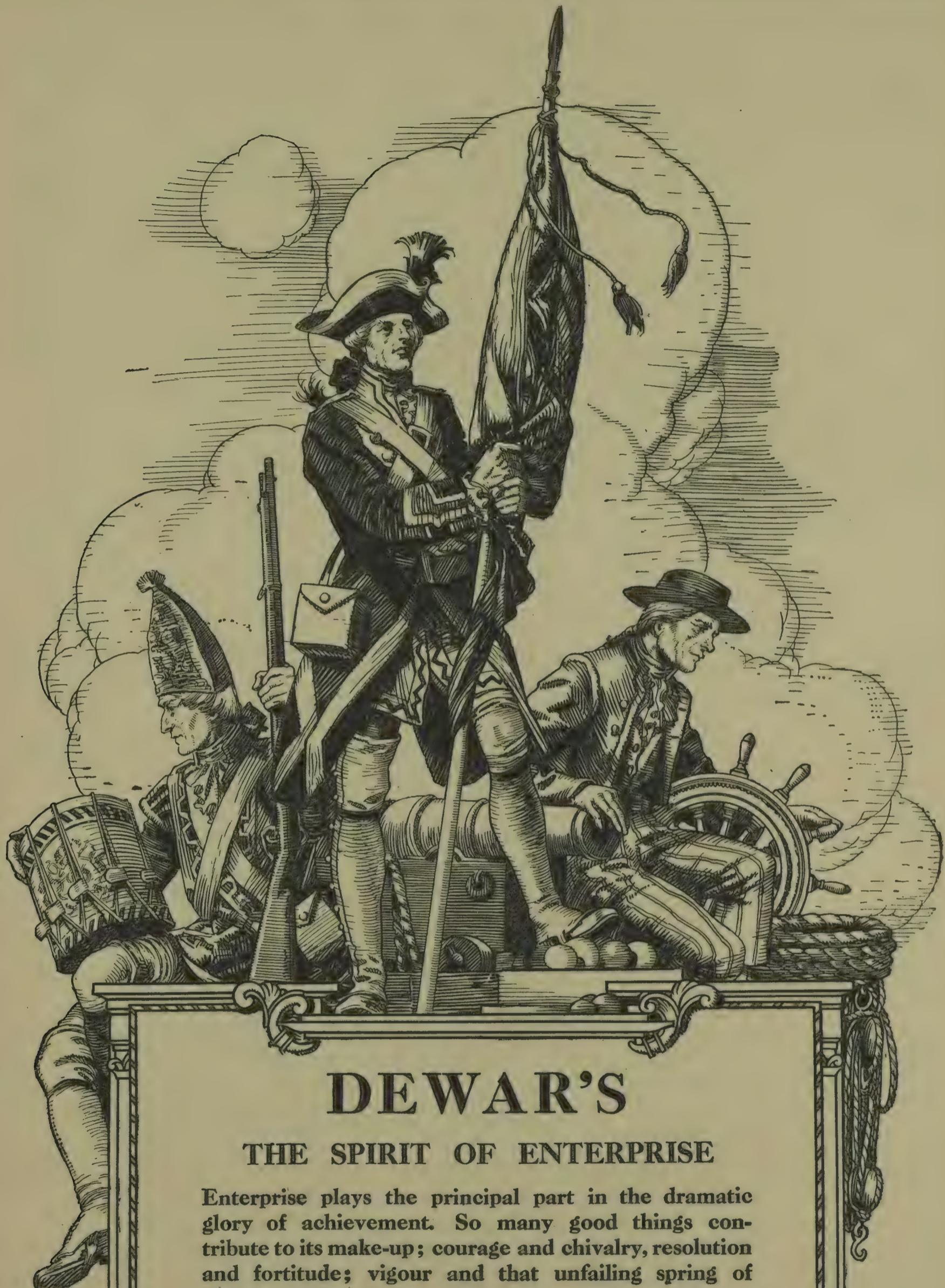
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DEWAR'S

HAROLD : NELSON :

## BETWEEN TWO ILLUSIONS AND TWO EXAGGERATIONS.

(Continued from Page 946.)

and bureaucratic organisations, both of which were indestructible. The Russian Revolution, which wished to destroy the existing economic organisation, only succeeded in placing itself in the position of being forced to reconstruct it. Fascism, which had promised to reduce bureaucracy by revolutionary methods, increased it, for a revolution which destroys bureaucratic organisations is a myth. Every revolution has always ended in the multiplication of officials.

The revolutionary epoch ought to be almost at an end. We may still witness the breaking out of civil wars, many civil wars; we shall not assist at a revolution which will once more change the history of Europe. The whole nineteenth century worked for the destruction of a system of old institutions which obstructed the play of its energy, focussed as it was on a conquest of riches and power unexampled in history. The liberty which the nineteenth century demanded and acquired was nothing else. But those institutions, which prevented Europe from throwing herself into the great adventure of industrialism and democracy, no longer exist. The world is suffering rather from an excess of energy; the institutions which we possess can be corrected and ameliorated; they cannot be destroyed, for they represent that which is indispensable in all social organisation. If they were to be destroyed they would have to be remade.

It is necessary to face the revolutionary spirit which is rife in so many European countries in its relation to the problem which Europe has to solve, and which has nothing to do with revolution. During the war most of the European States were embarked on a task which much exceeded their strength. This kind of overwork to which the States were subjected was, indeed, only an exaggeration of the tendency which is to be found in the whole historical movement of the nineteenth century, and

it obtained no relief when peace was declared. Concluded in haste in the midst of an effervescence which was almost war-like, the peace imposed tasks of a hitherto unsuspected magnitude on the victors, as well as on the vanquished. The result was a general dislocation in State budgets, in the minds of individuals, in private fortunes, and in the ideas of social classes. The wind of revolution which is

Our condition resembles that of the Middle Ages, which were troubled by a permanent want of balance of authorities, which were at the same time too strong and too weak, rather than that of the eighteenth century, which wished to break up the all-too-perfect balance of government because it was inconvenient to its aspirations. This is brought home to our comprehension in reading the marvellous essay which an anonymous writer in the *Correspondant* of March 10 has dedicated to Saint Vincent Ferrier. What a close resemblance under what a different exterior there is between the picture that mysterious and powerful pen has drawn of the disorder which agitated a part of Europe at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and the troubles by which our own times are afflicted!

The only important and vital matter in the life of nations to-day is that which helps them to return to the sphere of possibilities. What are those humble and little-known movements towards a new Russian political development, to which my informant alluded, but efforts to soften the deadly lack of balance between the greatness of the empire and its weakness, exacerbated as it is by the orgy of war and revolution? The strenuous efforts which have been made in Russia and Germany to re-establish a serious currency, the endeavours of the German people to organise a strong republic, the first tentative movements in Italy to re-establish a serious representative régime, must be placed in the same category with all the other efforts which have been made to restore the balance of the derailed body of Europe; the protocol of Geneva, the work of the League of Nations, and the proposal of mutual guarantees. The work of the League of Nations is still very timid; the protocol of Geneva has fallen through; it seems improbable that a serious pact of guarantees will be signed this year. But timid efforts and setbacks are a better preparation for the future than civil wars, which, alas! will still continue to break out in many parts of Europe.



A NOTABLE SPORTING PICTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: "THE WHIP," BY ALFRED J. MUNNINGS, A.R.A.  
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blowing through Europe is only one form of the unrest which is produced by this general upheaval. It may engender civil wars for the acquisition of power; it cannot help to restore sanity—that is to say, to find the only remedy for an evil, due to an excessive effort, which has heavily taxed the powers even of those nations whose muscles are of iron.

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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Duties on  
Imported Cars  
Again.

The re-imposition of the duty on imported cars, as from July 1 next, has brought rejoicing to two sections of motoring, at least. The British car-manufacturers naturally welcome the move, for reasons that are perfectly obvious. I think it is a fact that some makers in this country have been selling cars, if not at an actual loss, at any rate at unremunerative prices in order to compete with mass-produced cars from other countries. Clearly, if this is so, these makers will in all probability raise their prices to a level which will enable them to make a commercial profit on the cars they build. Indeed, I regard it as certain that, as soon as the duties become effective, there will be seen a distinct tendency to increase prices in the majority of cases, more especially among the more popular types. The high-grade, high-priced cars will not be affected, since they sell purely on

trade. As a case in point, I know of a well-known Continental concern which had made very serious preparations to invade the British market with a new chassis, costing in the neighbourhood of £500, at which the importers believed they could compete with the home production. But at £600, which will be the price at which they would have to sell after the beginning of July, they do not believe they have a chance. So the whole campaign is to be abandoned, and they are packing up to return home. This obviously means that they are leaving the market to the British cars in the same class, which, one would imagine, is not too bad a thing from the British point of view.

The other class which is pleased includes those who have bought recently foreign cars, admitted free of duty, and who now find that the re-imposed duties will increase the selling value of their vehicles. The 33 1/3 per cent. which these cars will presently have to carry is just about enough to wipe off the first year's depreciation. How true it is that it's an ill wind that blows nobody good!

Police-Trap  
Warnings.

There have been several cases recently in which persons have been prosecuted for obstructing the police by giving warning of the existence of a trap in the vicinity. In every case, so far as I have read them, a conviction and fine has followed. The law seems to be quite explicit on the subject—or, at least, the interpretation placed on it by the High Court is quite clear. If the motorist who is warned was in fact exceeding the legal limit at the time, and the police were, in consequence of the warning, prevented from obtaining the necessary evidence to convict him, then the police have been "obstructed." And, as the police will invariably give it as their opinion that the motorist was in fact proceeding at a speed over the legal limit, it seems to follow that every case of warning comes within the definition of obstruction.

One rather humorous case was heard the other day, in which it was alleged that the defendant stood

in the middle of the road, waving to the motorist to stop in the timed distance. He advanced the very ingenious defence that he wanted the car to stop so



SETTING A NEW STANDARD IN CAR ECONOMY: THE MORRIS-COWLEY SALOON, PRICED AT £250—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN OXFORD.

The Morris-Cowley saloon, which is priced at £250, sets a new standard in car economy. The price includes a comprehensive insurance policy operative for one year.

that he could photograph it, because it was one of a make he had never seen before! Unfortunately for him, the Bench before whom the case was heard were an unbelieving lot, and fined him.

The Angus-Sanderson Revived. A post-war car that I was very sorry to see fall upon evil times was the Angus-Sanderson. It was a car which I regarded as a sincere attempt to produce just the vehicle wanted

(Continued overleaf.)



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See  
This  
Label

*Continued.*  
by a very large section of the motoring public. Whether it was a little before its time or what, I do not profess to know, but the attempt did not, as history records, succeed. I hear now that it is to be built by a new company formed for the purpose, in which certain of its original sponsors are interested.

**British Airship Successes.** Motorists and others who regard British engineering and aircraft progress will be interested to

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#### THE RESURRECTION OF CYRENE.

(Continued from Page 956.)

of the fourth century B.C.; a decree by which citizenship is granted to all the Theraeans living in Cyrene, in accordance with an ancient oath, made when the colony was founded; and, finally, a document which deals with the distribution of corn made by the Cyrenaean State to the cities of Greece, during the severe famine of the years 330-326 B.C., mentioned by Demosthenes.

The Agora, or Forum, which occupied the centre of the Acropolis, has proved another field for excavation as vast and important as the platform of the fountain of Apollo. In the middle of its area was unearthed the big Temple of Jove, exactly on the spot where previously the magnificent statue of the Ægian Zeus, now in the museum of Benghazi, was found. This temple—the Roman Capitol of Cyrene—was built by the Emperor Hadrian in the last year of his reign, 138 A.D. It was a splendid four-columned *prostylus* of Corinthian order, fourteen yards in frontage and twenty in length. A dedication of that year to Hadrian and to his successor, Antoninus Pius, is engraved on a large pedestal at the end of its cella. Along the façade of the building a wide street, passing before the Caesareum, leads to the south-eastern gate

of the Acropolis. We owe to the report of Commendatore Micacchi, the Keeper of the Department of Archaeology at the Ministry for Colonial Affairs, and to courteous communications from Dr. Ghislanzoni, the description of these and the following important discoveries.

The Agora, now entirely excavated, forms a large paved square originally surrounded by porticos, which in later times were shut to be transformed into dwellings and offices. Part of these porticos had already been recognised by Captain Smith and Commander Porcher in their first survey of Cyrene in 1861, when also the upper stratum of the Temple of Apollo was explored. The large north-east portico bore a fine Greek inscription carved on its epistylion or architrave, which has been found on the ground in fragments, saying that the building was dedicated to Jove the Saviour, to Rome, and to the Emperor Augustus. Some other ruins belong to the north-west portico. Here a Roman inscription of exceptional importance, also written in Greek, has been found. It is a great *stele*, or pillar, containing a copy of the letters sent by the Emperor Augustus to regulate the administration of justice in the Cyrenaean province, and a *Senatus-Consultum* "de Repetundis"—that is, against extortion and peculation. The paved square in the middle of the porticos showed the remains of a huge marble basement, evidently the altar, on which were probably statues of the gods to whom it was dedicated. Other altars, partly with inscribed dedications, were placed in the vicinity. A small circular building, brought to light not far from them, and probably erected upon an earlier construction, awaits still deeper exploration. Along the north-eastern side of the portico are to be seen some taverns or shops with plenty of bronze cooking-pots and candlesticks, reminding us of the *cauponæ* of Ostia and Pompeii. Numerous sculptures adorned the square, streets, and buildings of the Forum, which formed the most important and most animated portion of the Roman city, being at the same time the market, and the meeting-place of the business men and politicians, as also of the numerous strangers who frequented, chiefly in imperial times, the capital of the province.

At the north-west corner of the Agora the remains of another sanctuary were discovered—that of Demeter or Ceres. This is a great rectangular building divided into three sections—a pronaos or porch, a hypethral or uncovered space or court, and a cella.

In the back wall of the last is still preserved the pedestal of the colossal statue of the goddess, which was found lying at the foot of it. The goddess is represented sitting on a stool without back, clothed in a rich long robe reaching to the feet. Her head is slightly inclined, and the expression of her face is of an intense sorrow: Ceres weeps for the rape of her beloved daughter Proserpina. In moulding this figure the Graeco-Roman artist has doubtless imitated a model of Scopas, the creator of the pathetic style in sculpture. As Dr. Ghislanzoni points out, the cult of Demeter at Cyrene is recorded by Suidas, and indeed, the city possessed two temples of this goddess—this one and another at the wady Bil Gadir in the suburb, and the remains of the latter have also been discovered. Amongst other sculptures unexpectedly found near the statue of Demeter two fine imperial busts are to be noted, one male and one female—the former reproducing the features of Marcus Aurelius; the latter presenting the characteristic headdress of his wife, the younger Faustina, but not exactly her portrait. We have, perhaps, here to do with the figure of another lady of the imperial house, who liked to imitate the coiffure of the Empress.

The diggings on the north and north-west side of the Capitol afforded the excavators other surprises. Adhering to the wall of the Temple of Jove, two rooms have been discovered belonging to the Nomophylakion, the building in which the tablets of the city laws and other public documents were guarded by a body of functionaries called Nomophylakes, or custodians of the laws. These were placed on shelves fitted into rectangular niches still visible in the walls. The pavement of the rooms was covered by a thick layer of ashes and coal left by the fire which consumed the building, and mixed with these remains were quantities of clay seals in the shape of little pyramids, still showing the impressions made upon them with the carved ringstones and other signs of the Nomophylakes. They are bored so as to be appended by means of threads or strings to the rolls and tablets, as labels or signs of authority. Putting aside the Minoan palaces of Crete, which belong to another age and civilisation, in no building of the Greek or Roman world has such a quantity of seals hitherto been found. They exceed four thousand in number, and exhibit the most astonishing variety of impressions. The Nomophylakion of Cyrene dates from the time of the Flavian Emperors.

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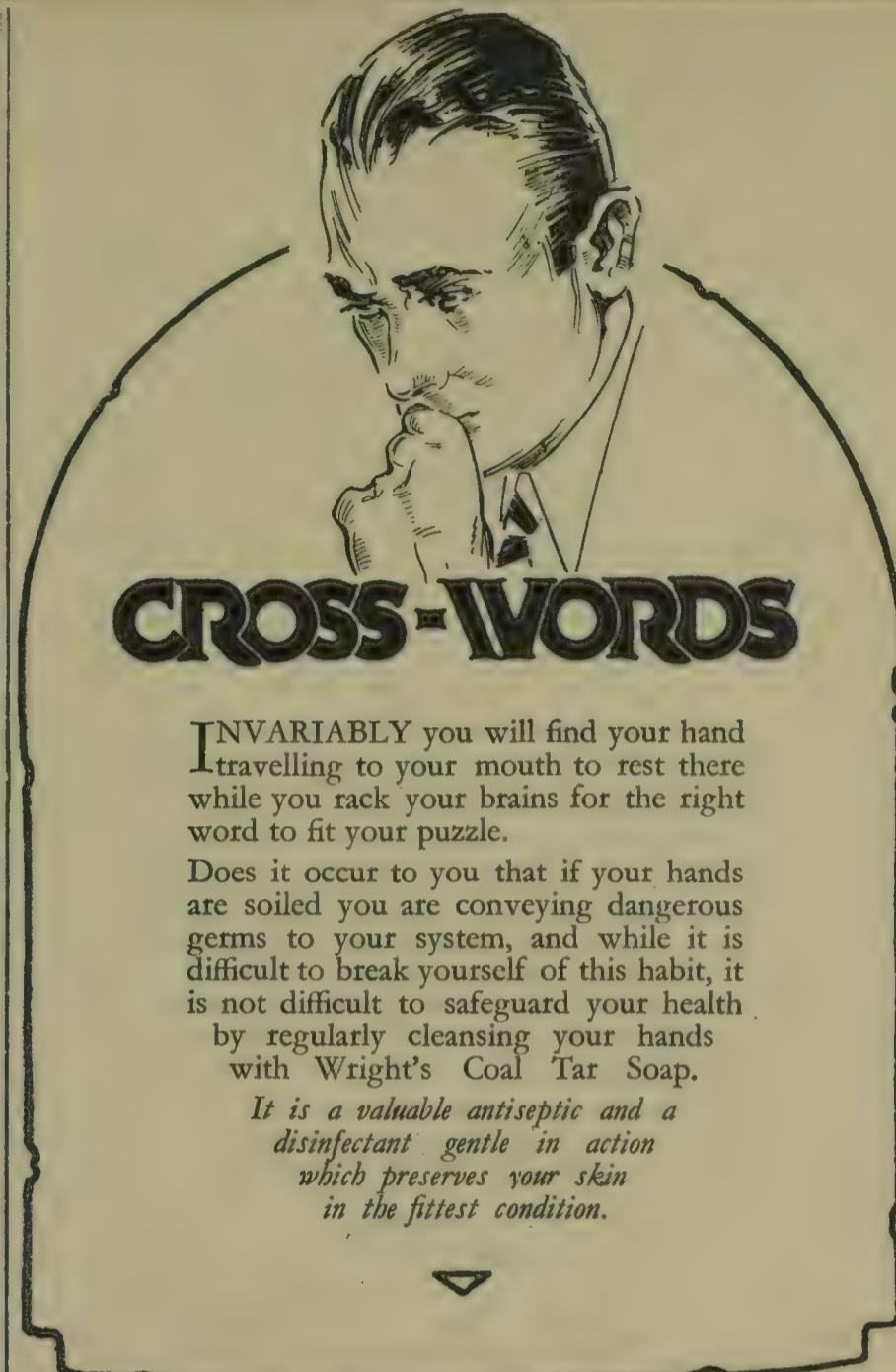
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## Fashions and Fancies.

New Fashions  
in Artificial  
Jewellery.

The vogue for artificial jewellery has by no means diminished. On the contrary, it is responsible for the birth of another novel fantasy which emphasises effectively the colourings of one's frock. The many-hued glass bangles are seen no more, but their place has been taken in Paris by bracelets and necklaces of tiny beads, almost as diminutive as the "hundreds and thousands" beloved by the nursery. They are securely strung on fine wire, so that to break them is almost an impossibility. Each necklace is carried out in a brilliant colour, and as many as three, six, or nine are worn at a time, blending hues of vermillion, purple, gold, and emerald. In the daytime, necklaces in three tints are usually affected, but at night they radiate every colour of the rainbow. Already these fascinating frivolities are to be seen in London, and can be secured for the surprisingly modest amounts of 2s. for three necklaces, and 1s. for three bracelets. On application to this paper, I shall be pleased to state where they may be obtained.

Tailored  
Outfits for the  
Races.

The racing season is in full swing, and has proved once again that plain, well-cut coats and suits are the essential outfit. Pictured on page 970 is a perfectly tailored coat and skirt which must be placed to the credit of Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, W., well-known specialists in this sphere. It is carried out in nigger Saxony, with a faint overcheck, and can be made to measure in any cloth. It must be noted that this firm will make perfectly fitting tweed coats and skirts to order from 10 guineas upwards. Another new model is the "Ascot" coat, double-breasted, with a pleat down the back. It can be obtained in many materials, ranging from 9 guineas. Children's outfits are another speciality, and can be carried out in this firm's famous Aquascutum cloth, a splendid protection in all weathers.

Liberty Frock  
and Wraps.

Artistic colourings and designs characterise all frocks from Liberty's, Argyll Place, W., and the two pictured here prove no exception to the rule. The black "Sungleam" satin coat, with a frock to match, is trimmed with panels of Persian

embroidery in rich colourings, and the charming little frock on the left is of printed crêpe-de-Chine in soft spring tints, completed with gilet cuffs and

7½ guineas in plain colours. Useful summer frocks for every occasion are to be found in these salons. There are many in Thespian crêpe available for 57s. 6d., and others for the same amount are of voile printed in unusual bullrush designs. Your crêpe frocks in several styles may be secured for 2 guineas each.

### A Luxurious Hairdressing Salon.

Street, W. There is a roomy lounge with inviting armchairs and settees carried out in jade and purple decorated with Chinese lacquer-work, while the surrounding cubicles are carried out in a highly polished wood of a restful grey nuance. Inside each one, in addition to the perfectly appointed apparatus, is a lock-up jewellery drawer (of which the key is given to each visitor while she is there), a silk-covered coat-hanger, and a hat-rest. Light refreshments can be obtained from the adjacent restaurant during attendance. The salon, pictured on page 970, is staffed with experts in every branch of hairdressing (including permanent waving), manicure, and chiropody. The charges are moderate, and a booklet giving full particulars will be sent post-free on application.

### Restoring Colour to the Hair.

In these days, to look old is an

unforgivable crime, and one of

the first enemies to be conquered

is quickly faded hair. A topic

which will interest every woman, therefore, is Inecto Rapid, the colouring lotion which is obtainable in no less than eighteen distinct shades. The manufacturers of Inecto Rapid have, in collaboration with two skin specialists, evolved a simple method which will prove whether the individual scalp can receive the lotion without the possibility of harmful after-effects. The test takes the form of preparing and applying the lotion to a small patch of skin about the size of a two-shilling piece, just behind the ear, and bordering on the hair. It should be left undisturbed for twelve hours, when, if no redness or inflammation has resulted, the specialists declare that Inecto Rapid may be safely used. This test should be applied each time before use. Full particulars may be obtained from the Inecto Rapid Salons, which have been opened at 15, North Audley Street, W., where expert advice will be gladly given free of cost.



Two attractive toilettes for the coming season, designed and carried out by Liberty's, Argyll Place, W. Printed crêpe-de-Chine in artistic colourings expresses the frock on the left, and black "Sungleam" satin trimmed with decorative panels of Persian embroidery the two-piece affair on the right.

collar of white georgette. The price is £6 18s. 6d. Then there are attractive tunic frocks in printed Tyrian silk, made to measure for 8½ guineas, and for

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After Treatment



NOTICE the difference in these two photographs, the first showing the condition some time before, the other made to show the condition after treatment. Observe in the one the sagging under the eyes, the deeply marked crowsfeet, the lines from mouth to chin, and the sagging under the chin. Then see the difference after the Hystogène treatment.

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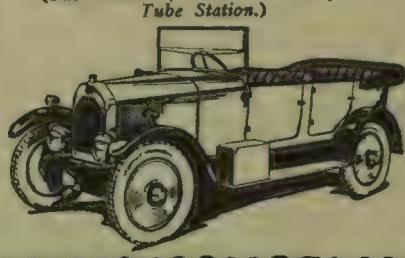
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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE Royal Philharmonic Society ended its season with a big bang for British music. An English conductor, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, was engaged, and we had an all-British programme, made up of Arnold Bax, Herbert Howells, John Ireland, Vaughan Williams, and Lord Berners. The mere fact of being able to make up an entire programme of serious English orchestral music shows what a long way we have advanced musically during the last century. And when we consider the quality of the music itself, there is still more cause for congratulation. At least one of the compositions included in this programme—namely, Vaughan Williams's "Pastoral" Symphony—is the work of an authentic creative musician who has something original to say. The "Pastoral" Symphony, one feels, could not have been written by anyone else, or in any other country but England. It is, as its title would indicate, a quiet, meditative work, full of delightful harmony and rhythm.

Although in no way reminiscent of anybody else, I do not think I am mistaken in finding the influence of Debussy in this symphony. When one contrasts it with Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony—and the Vaughan Williams is worthy of being mentioned in the same sentence with the Beethoven—one is struck by the far greater *cantabile* melodiousness of the Beethoven. Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony is a network of singing tunes woven into the most beautiful web. The instruments of the orchestra are singing together, and a pattern is made of all their voices. The development of the themes

is always linear and by way of modulation, and throughout the whole symphony one seems to hear the sound of running water. This is what gives Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony its special and quite peculiar beauty—for in none of the other Symphonies is there the same linear flow. Having this character, the Beethoven "Pastoral" asks for special treatment at the hands of the conductor, and the reason for many disappointing performances of the "Pastoral" is the failure of conductors to realise this. They throw it at you in lumps as if it were a series of dramatic surprises, like the "Fifth."

To write another "Pastoral" Symphony of this kind after it had been once done perfectly by Beethoven would have been the act of a mere *rechauffist*, a warmer-up of other men's dishes—which is what used to be called in Germany *Kapellmeister* music. Dr. Vaughan Williams has not done this, but, like all true creative artists, he has learned from what other men have done, and he has learned from Debussy the art of achieving beautiful, sustained, lucid harmonies which progress horizontally into a pattern of larger figures, but a pattern just as beautiful as Beethoven's. Perhaps an illustration from another art would serve to explain my meaning better. The pattern of the Beethoven Symphony in its intricate linear design resembles a Persian carpet, while the pattern of the Vaughan Williams Symphony resembles the pattern of a Gobelin tapestry with a few large stationary figures.

This power of static design in music, which is dependent on the use of harmony in masses that slowly shift and coalesce, is—in so far as it is applied to the suggestion of natural scenes—found at its

highest development in the music of Debussy. Such compositions as "Prélude à L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "Nuages," "Sirènes," are striking examples of Debussy's power of expressing by an almost entirely new method of musical design the mood of a landscape as reflected in the mind. Dr. Vaughan Williams is the only English composer known to me who has adopted this method for purposes of his own. Debussy has had dozens of imitators in this country, and nothing is more tedious to hear than the music of his imitators; but Dr. Vaughan Williams is not one of them. He has learned from Debussy, but he has something of his own to say.

The Pianoforte Concerto of Mr. Herbert Howells, played by Mr. Harold Samuel, was a new work which had not been heard before. Unfortunately, it did not fulfil the hopes we had of this clever young musician. Described on the score as "hard and bright," it lived up to its description, but without any compensating jazzy breeziness which might have enlivened us. It was merely "hard and bright" in a downright, assertive, even aggressive style. It is odd that Mr. Howells should have ever been satisfied to put forth this composition upon the world, for it has no qualities of any sort calculated to please or to astonish. Mr. Herbert Samuel did his best with it. At the conclusion, after the composer had been called by no very hearty applause, there was an amusing incident. A voice from the gallery was heard to say in clear tones that rang through the hall: "Thank goodness that's over!" The astonished audience burst into cheers and counter-cheers, and there was considerable laughter, but the applause continued, bringing Mr. Howells again on

(Continued overleaf.)

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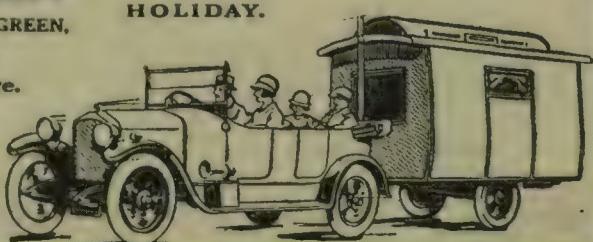
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# "BP"

*The British Petrol*

*Continued.*  
to the platform, whereupon the same voice rang out again, after his retirement, with "Thank goodness that's over, too!"

This incident has met with a good deal of comment, favourable and unfavourable; but so long as there is no interference with the performance of a work, so long as the audience reserves its approval or disapproval until the conclusion of the performance, I cannot see why an audience should not be allowed to express itself in the negative as well as in the affirmative. A real lively, critical audience is the best possible incentive to good work, and I am sure that I am voicing the opinion of all artists in saying that they would far rather have an audience that was really interested, that got excited in their favour or against them—always provided a complete and fair hearing is given to them—than have to present their work to an indifferent, apathetic, and indiscriminating public capable only of perfunctory applause.

We have been hearing several famous pianists in London during the past week or two. Mr. Ernst von Dohnanyi gave a recital at the Wigmore Hall, and was the soloist at the final Queen's Hall Symphony Concert of the season on May 9. At his recital he played the Mozart A major (K. 331), the Schumann



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The 255th birthday of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose Charter was granted by Charles II., in 1670, to Prince Rupert, the first Governor, was marked by a notable ceremony on May 4. The Company's flag was raised over the new warehouse in Great Trinity Lane, and the present Governor, Sir Robert Molesworth Kindersley, was presented with a silver key with which he opened the buildings. The other figures in the group are, from left to right, Mr. Charles Sale, Deputy Governor, Mr. Frederick Richmond, Mr. Vivian Hugh Smith, and Mr. T. H. Skinner.

F sharp minor, and the Beethoven C minor (Op. 111) sonatas and a group of his own compositions. He is a talented composer of true musical feeling, and, like most composers of this stamp, his playing is more enjoyable than that of many more supreme virtuosos. Mr. Eugene d'Albert, who played the Beethoven "Emperor" Concerto at the Queen's Hall, is a player of a more robust, forceful type; but he has become rather heavy-handed, and I did not enjoy his Beethoven.

The most attractive of all the pianoforte recitals we have had so far this season is Mr. Herbert Samuel's series of Bach recitals, which have proved very popular at the Aeolian Hall. Mr. Samuel has specialised in Bach-playing, and he can now count upon a large and rightly enthusiastic audience for his concerts. His playing is, in my opinion, the almost perfect Bach-playing. His memory is never at fault, he is thoroughly accurate, his tone is good, he never thrusts himself between you and the composer, his phrasing is sensitive, and he plays with true musicianly sensibility. One might think that a whole Bach programme would prove monotonous—and so it would if the music were pounded out by one of those mechanical virtuosos or prestidigitators of the pianoforte. But Mr. Samuel is exceptionally sensitive to Bach's different moods, and to the varying character of the compositions he plays. Consequently his playing is infinitely stimulating and enjoying, for it is fresh and vital, as pianoforte-playing can only be when the pianist is really completely sensitive to the composer's mood, and is himself enjoying the music as much as his listeners. It is the almost universal defect of the great virtuosos of the pianoforte that their playing becomes mechanical because they cease to respond to the music they play. It has lost its power to affect them. That Mr. Samuel retains his freshness in spite of his arduous career at the Royal College as a teacher is a miracle. W. J. TURNER.



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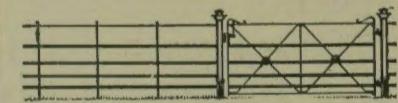
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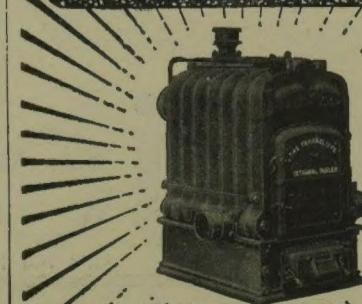
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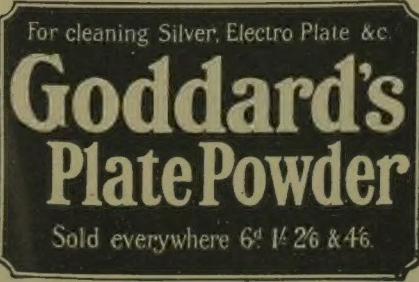
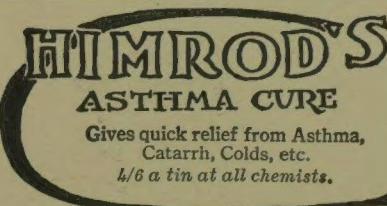
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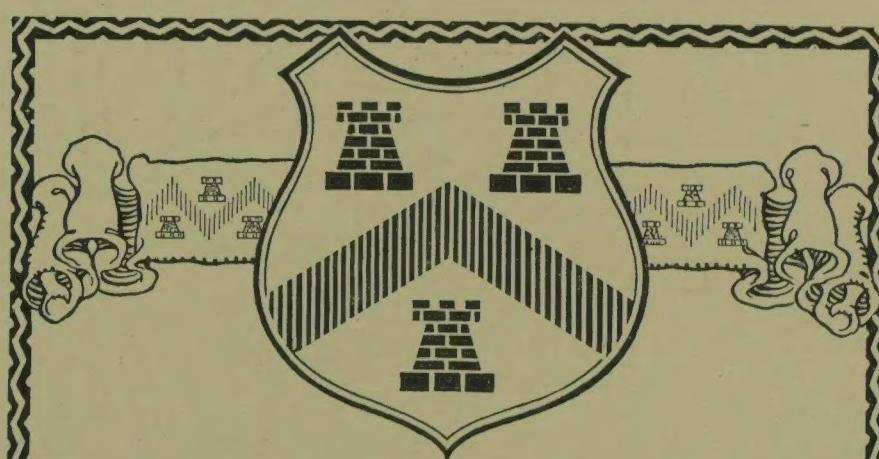
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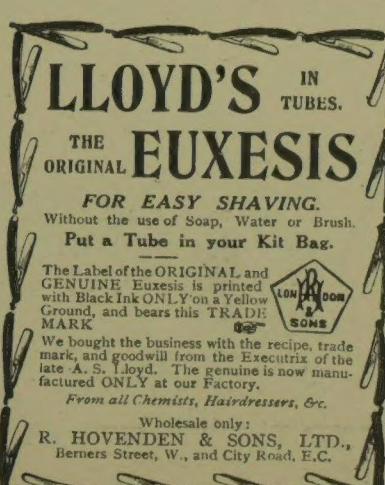
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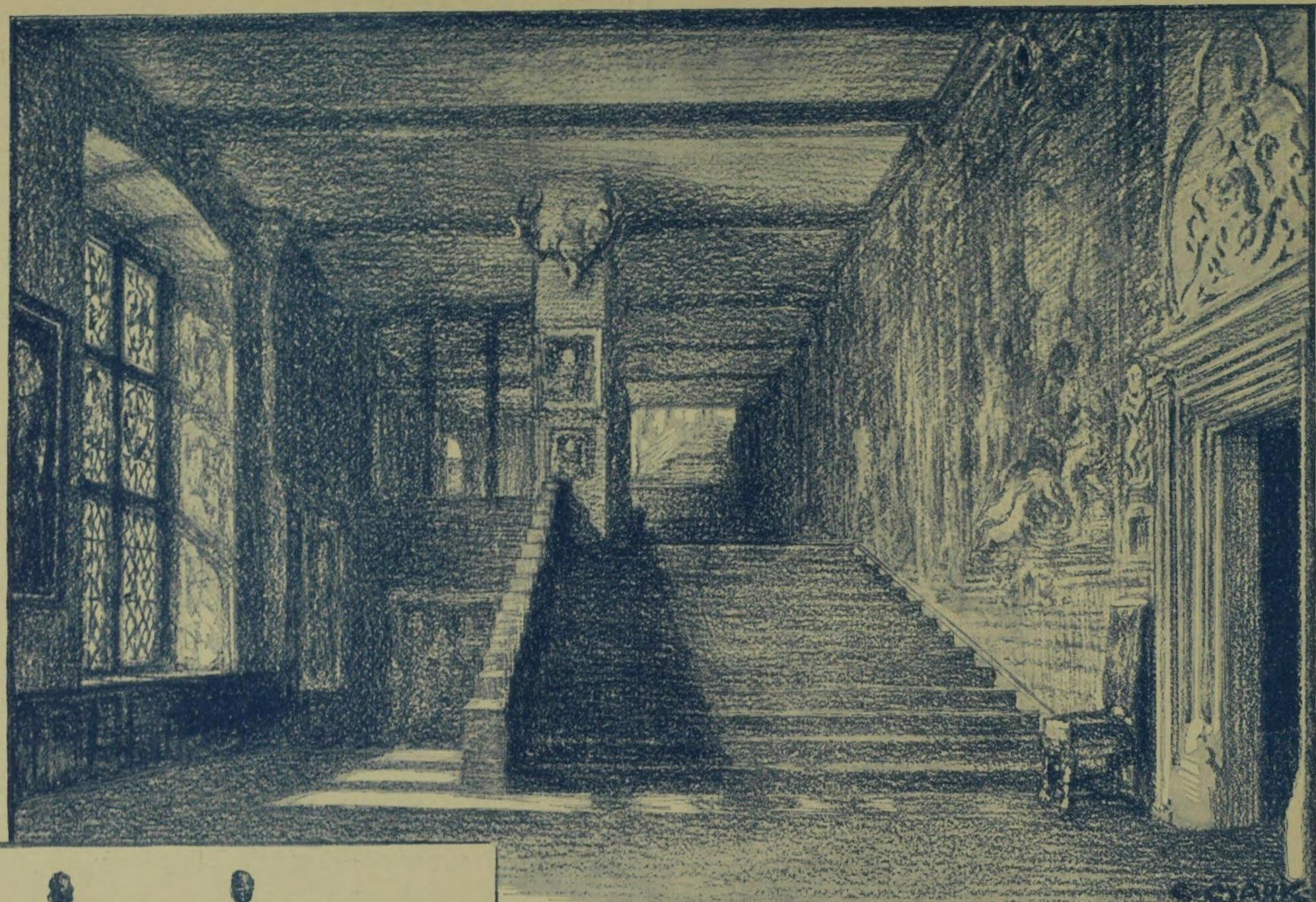
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**A**MONG the many remarkable characters of Elizabethan times one woman stands out in bold relief—the Countess of Shrewsbury, generally known as Bess of Hardwick. Her activities were wide and varied. She was by turns merchant, farmer and money-lender, but posterity knows her best as a builder. Four husbands did this lady have, increasing her fortune by each marriage, and four great mansions at least she built, including Chatsworth and Hardwick Hall.

This penchant for building seems to have been inspired by an old witch's prophecy to the effect that Mistress Bess would live as long as she kept on building; and, curiously enough, when a severe frost suspended her work she died, though well advanced in age.

Although the ancient manor house of the Hardwicks stood nearby the site, this did not satisfy the Countess, who chose to erect a more pretentious home, in the quasi-Italian style then coming into vogue. The interior is notable for the many lofty and spacious apartments, most of them hung with magnificent tapestry, as also are the wide and imposing stone staircases. Perhaps, however, the most striking feature of Hardwick is the size and number of the great diamond-paned windows, which inspired the old Derbyshire saying that the Hall was "more glass than wall."

Among many new commodities introduced into England about the time Hardwick Hall was built was John Haig Scotch Whisky. For three hundred years the consistent fine quality and maturity of John Haig have maintained it in popular favour and given it that universal reputation it now enjoys.



By Appointment.

Dye ken  
**John Haig?**